JOHN BULL, APRIL 5, 1941. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1816

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE FOR A.R.P. WORKERS

THIS BERLIN BOMBING By A.G.G.

IN ACTION WITH BEVIN'S ARMY

Don't go home to Mother . . .

it's so terribly old-fashioned!

SOONER or later, any husband may let fly with the old gag about his shirts being washed better before he was married. But don't burst into tears and go home to Mother. Better still, steer clear of the crisis! Make the easy Oxydol triple test *at once*, and prove how Oxydol solves all your washing problems. You'll get far better washing results with Oxydol . . . whiter whites, brighter coloureds . . . and it saves you money, too. Read how you can make the Oxydol triple test.

ACCEPT THIS FRIENDLY CHALLENGE

Make the Oxydol triple test yourself . . . make it against any other washing product on the market! You will prove to yourself, as hosts of other women have done, that Oxydol saves you money and washes white clothes whiter and coloured clothes brighter!

HERE'S THE EASY OXYDOL TRIPLE TEST

FIRST TEST – LATHER
Test Oxydol for lather. You'll find that Oxydol gives you up to 3 times more lather than old-fashioned soaps! Long-lasting Oxydol lather is much easier on your hands, too

SECOND TEST – ECONOMY
Test just how much washing a packet of Oxydol does compared with others. Penny for penny you'll find Oxydol does up to twice as much washing, and saves you money hand-over-fist!

THIRD TEST – RESULTS
You'll be thrilled to see the dazzling wash Oxydol gives! White clothes come out many shades whiter, and coloureds bright as new. You'll be glad you discovered Oxydol.

TRIPLE TEST

OXYDOL

You can buy Triple Test Oxydol everywhere: 1/-, 6d. and 3½d.

Thos. Hedley & Co. Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne & Manchester

Boundless goodwill

In the big ships and the little; in wardroom, mess and canteen; in office and workshop .... Player's are welcomed. Every moment, every day, in a domain bounded by no particular rank or station, Player's bring infinite pleasure, composure and companionship ... Such popularity is a measure of their quality.

Player's Please

★ It is now more than ever necessary to empty your packet at the time of purchase and leave it with your Tobacconist.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD · PLAIN OR CORK TIP

PEARL

ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

SIR GEORGE TILLEY, F.C.I.I.
President and Chairman.

SEVENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1940.

TOTAL INCOME	£19,931,244
TOTAL CLAIMS PAID (including £10,137,038 during 1940)	£146,171,427
FUNDS	£112,389,143

ORDINARY BRANCH BONUS.

In the Ordinary Branch a bonus of £1 per £100 assured was declared on policies entitled to participate in full profits that become claims by death or maturity during 1941.

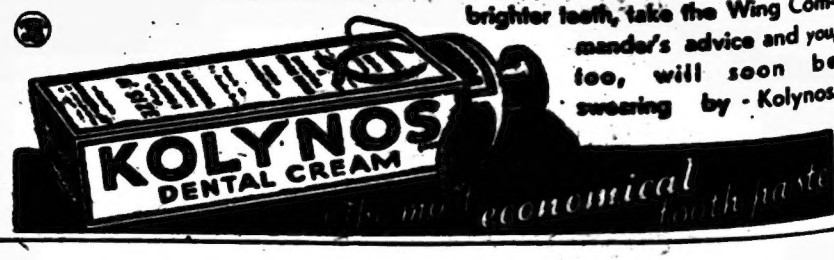
INDUSTRIAL BRANCH BONUS.

In the Industrial Branch a bonus has been declared on policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1934, that become claims by death or maturity during 1941. Up to date a total sum of £6,000,000 has been allocated for bonuses to policy holders in this Branch.

The Wing Commander SWEARS by Kolynos!

From all Chemists and Stores at 2/2, 1/3 & 7½d. per tube. (Incl. Purchase Tax).

"There are two kinds of swearing," says the Wing Commander, "Swearing at and swearing by. The first comes quite naturally—by instinct, I suppose. The second is the outcome of months, perhaps years, of personal trial and observation. Take Kolynos, for instance ..." The Wing Commander is only one of hundreds of thousands who swear by Kolynos, the protective, cleansing and refreshing tooth paste which has made a name for itself in every country in the world. For whiter, brighter teeth, take the Wing Commander's advice and you, too, will soon be swearing by - Kolynos.



JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 5, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

MURDER!

Before the next great call-up, medical boards should be drastically overhauled.

Too many unfit men are being drafted into the Fighting Forces. The results are sometimes tragic.

One young man had an eight-year history of severe stomach trouble following peritonitis.

When called for his medical examination, he could not appear owing to a fresh attack that kept him in bed for fourteen weeks.

Eventually he attended, armed with two doctors' certificates.

But the board passed him into Grade 1.

Less than three weeks after he had joined his unit—a light infantry regiment—his parents were hurriedly summoned to the camp.

They found he had been operated upon. He died a few weeks later.

The Army surgeon was indignant that the lad had been passed for service. But his parents cannot obtain a pension.

Service doctors are angry that their time should be wasted and military hospitals filled because of the blunders of civil doctors who form the military boards.

There has been frank discussion in medical journals of the number of tubercular patients, passed as fit who have collapsed during training.

The doctors responsible disgrace a noble profession—and should be removed from the boards.

Straight from the Shoulder

IT'S JITTER-TIME IN VIENNA

WAVELL and Dill now have their chance to thrash Hitler.

Conquest of Italian East Africa releases great numbers of our victorious troops—and a heavy force of modern aircraft—for service in the Balkans.

There must have been jitters in Vienna when situation in Yugoslavia and Africa become known.

Well Done, the Serbs!

Yugoslavia has given fresh proof of the strength of democracy.

A traitorous Government has been overpowered not by a military clique but by generals who acted on the wishes of the people.

In General Simovitch, head of the Yugoslav Air Force, Yugoslavia finds a true leader and Britain a worthy ally.

Springboard

We can forget Prince Paul, as we have already forgotten Boris of Bulgaria.

It matters only that Yugoslavia has held the pass and Turkey still keeps the straits.

Given her full collaboration, we shall have a near and powerful springboard for action against the Axis.

Long Path

None the less, we must expect a triple offensive.

Hitler will not easily surrender his hope of struggling through the Balkan valleys, climbing over a million Turkish bayonets, to reach the oilfields of Asia.

Britain is offering vast supplies to our Allies who will resist his desperate thrust.

Channel of Fire

The second phase will follow in the Mediterranean.

We had no difficulty in piercing the Square of Fire that Mussolini formed there.

It was shattered by the Royal Navy and the R.A.F. even before our Army smashed the Duce's East African Empire.

Now Hitler is going to try a Channel of Fire.

It will be closed by the narrow straits between Gibraltar and Tangier at one end, by Sardinia and Bizerta at the other.

Franco's Idea

Hitler wanted to send troops through Spain.

General Franco, embarrassed, suggested an alternative that was accepted with delight.

Italian members of the Armistice Commission in French North Africa were replaced by Germans. The Nazis were granted freedom in Tangier.

Weygand Disarmed

With this result: The French can no longer use their North African possessions as a bargaining weapon.

General Weygand has had to be recalled to Vichy. For his army, short of supplies, has had its position weakened by German infiltration.

The infiltration will continue until, Hitler hopes, he will gain bases from which to attack our shipping lane.

Crucial Battle

We have no reason to fear that the Navy will fail to meet this challenge.

The third stage of the offensive, the most vital of all, is the Battle of the Atlantic that has already been raging for weeks.

If we lose this battle, we shall lose the war.

But the number of convoys safely reaching our ports confirms official convictions that we shall win decisively.

Gains and Losses

We must expect grievous losses. We must expect the loss of fine men and fine ships.

Our gains will be the tremendous cargoes of munitions from the United States and a corresponding weakening of Nazi power.

Our own production is mounting week by week. But Nazi production has reached its peak.

General Bevin

So, though alert to new dangers, we can be confident. We can look forward to victory, even swift victory.

Waste remains our chief obstacle. Waste of brains, of man-power, of materials.

Ernest Bevin is its arch-enemy. His plans for mobilising the population are as vital as the strategic schemes of our military leaders.

But Mr. Bevin needs a lot of assistants, with jaws as square as his own, to see that his plans are not frittered away by minor officials.

Time-Wasters

We are sending another score of examples to Mr. Bevin. We know he will right the muddles.

But his time, and the time of would-be war workers, should not be taken up by local laggards.

No Vacancies!

Eighteen men passed their tests after an eight weeks' course in engineering.

After a further fortnight on the "dole," they were told by the exchange: "No vacancies. Find your own jobs if possible."

A woman, who also trained for eight weeks at a Government centre, was willing to leave Middlesex for a job in Scotland.

But she heard no more about it; has now been forced to accept a non-essential job.

Dead Slow

A healthy lad volunteered for training as a munition worker. He waited three weeks for official application forms; five weeks have elapsed since he completed them.

Squandering Skill

One man, skilled engineer, grew tired of waiting for a technical job and joined a dockyard defence unit.

Then he was offered an important post but could not obtain permission to leave the dockyard.

He is still swilling down lavatories at the dockyard—though ice cream vendors are having to be trained as engineers!

Hunting for Bones

A woman near London volunteered for war work, including night shifts, providing it was reasonably near home so that she could look after her husband.

"No vacancies unless you're willing to go anywhere in the country," she was told.

Men working on Government orders have been transferred to excavating ancient skeletons near King Arthur's Castle!

Blundering Brass-Hats

Volunteering as a typist to one of the women's Services, a girl was rejected because she wore glasses. Another, who wanted to be a waitress, was turned down because she was two inches below the official height!

Thus do blundering officials impair the mobilisation of our people. Yet we cannot afford to waste one man or woman, one hour or one yard of soil.

Don't Care Council

Mr. Tom Johnston, Secretary for Scotland, is taking over deer forests for use as grazing grounds for sheep.

Reigate Council has provided allotments for one in every five of the inhabitants. Dunstable does even better with a one-to-four ratio.

But still there are many "don't care" councils, which provide neither the means to Grow More Food nor to save it by collecting "waste."

Eyes Front

So let us keep our eyes on our own affairs.

We can leave developments in the Atlantic, the Balkans, the Mediterranean, to the men on the spot.

For we now have military leaders we can trust, who have shown both daring and coolness of judgment.

THEY ARE DISPLAYING THE FORCE OF BRITISH ARMS IN MORE WAYS THAN CAN BE REVEALED TO THE PUBLIC AT THE MOMENT.

Our job at home is to strengthen the Home Front and thus increase our reasons for confidence.

(Continued overleaf)

AIR RAIDS : GAS ATTACKS :

A FREE INSURANCE POLICY
Underwritten at LLOYD'S
FOR EVERY READER

Including
HOME GUARDS, POLICE, A.F.S., WARDENS, SPOTTERS, FIRE WATCHERS, AMBULANCE DRIVERS, Etc. *See page 11*

Behind the News

● **Important setback to Hitler's U-boat hopes: our East African victory has opened Red Sea route for direct supply of American aid to Greece and Wavell's forces, thereby avoiding Atlantic and Mediterranean dangers.**

● *Italian collapse will also make Japan sit up and take notice. Strong Imperial forces will be available for transfer to Singapore to safeguard Allied and U.S.A. interests in the Far East.*

● **American shipowners are relieving British tonnage now in Pacific waters for service nearer home. American vessels used on this trade will carry goods on British account to prevent the market falling into Japanese hands.**

● **Nazi leaders organising hordes of German "tourists" who have recently descended on Iran (Persia) report antagonistic reception and treatment.**

● *Iranians demand cash dealings, refuse to make any payments themselves until goods are actually delivered. And the Germans cannot pay up.*

● **German agents also complain that Russia has a secret understanding with Indian merchants to keep the Nazis out of Persian and Afghan markets. Diplomatic requests from Berlin to Moscow have drawn no replies.**

● **Moslem world is impressed by the virtual monopoly by British ships of trade through the Dardanelles. Neither German nor Italian flags have been seen there since Italy entered the war.**

● *Nazis' own statistics show that R.A.F. attacks and the blockade are reducing German oil reserves—despite looting of stocks from occupied lands and home manufacture of ersatz to supplement Rumanian deliveries.*

● **Also, most of the loot rushed to Germany has now been used up. Many of the raw materials are now irreplaceable.**

● **Not only is U.S.A. potential manufacture of war material greater than all Axis resources combined, but it will shortly be delivered twice as fast.**

● *£2,000,000 worth of American machine tools just exported to Britain—more will be arriving every month—makes possible vastly increased armament production, which the Nazi experts never took into account when reporting on British staying power!*

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

MEN over forty-one will not be called for military service, the Government has decided, unless there is some very drastic change in the situation.

But they will be drawn upon for war industries.

First to be weeded out, on a large scale, will be shop workers.

Squads! About Turn!

Last January, scores of over-forty-ones were told they could either apply for discharge from a Welsh National Defence battalion or join a regular regiment, and thus be liable for service overseas.

Most of the N.C.O.s and men chose the first alternative.

But advertisements now ask men of their age to join a Home Defence battalion. Can't the authorities make up their minds?

Filling Up a Hole

Here's sense: Whitehall has agreed to receive details of raid repairs in simpler form.

So local councils will no longer have to submit separate costing details about every hole in a road.

Chat about Chits

Here's nonsense: Every time an unpaid Warden has a cup of tea or a bun while on duty a chit has to be made out by a senior Warden, checked at the district post, scrutinised by area headquarters, forwarded to Whitehall.

We sometimes wonder if Whitehall wants to turn A.R.P. into a hive of industrious clerks.

Pound Wise, £10 Foolish

Still worse, local councils are allowed to spend up to £10 on temporary repairs to a bombed house.

For sums over that amount, permission must be obtained from the Home Secretary.

Example: Glasgow has waited three months for sanction to do necessary repairs while the hapless tenants continued to overcrowd their relatives or friends.

Forward, Mr. Morrison!

So a council has to ask bombed people if their window-frames were blown out with the glass.

Because of the £10 limit, repairs can be done if they have the frames intact, but not otherwise!

Mr. Morrison has a reputation for slicing through red-tape. Here's a way he can strengthen it.

Catch-as-Catch-Can

Money muddling also prevents us from growing more food. We have got to drain vast areas of land before we can use Britain's rich soil to its best advantage.

Now, the financial resources of Catchment Boards—which are responsible for drainage—depend upon the rateable value of the property that happens to lie in their areas.

So poor districts can't afford to put their land in order.

Missing Plan

Of course, they can get grants from the Government.

The Ministry of Agriculture has done much by "giving a push here or filling up a gap here," as a parliamentary committee points out.

But there is no national plan, no cohesion between the multitude of authorities connected with the problem.

Long, Long Wait

But it's the little things that make people mad, the petty muddling that depresses folk who want to do their bit.

After the Merseyside blitz, officials asked housewives to accommodate firemen who had been rushed to the scene.

One woman gave up a part-time job to do so, aired beds and bought extra food.

After three days of waiting she went to the council offices, to be told that the men would arrive within an hour.

Cause for Anger

She went back, cooked a meal, and waited. Next morning, ringing up the council, she was told the men would not arrive.

Next, a billeting officer asked her to take in homeless people. She agreed—but they haven't turned up.

In all, she's 15s. out of pocket—and, we imagine, out of temper.

Small Scale

Sympathise also with shopkeepers who, presented with a ration-card by a Serviceman on a day's leave, are expected to serve him with four-sevenths of an ounce of tea, one and five-sevenths ounces of butter, three and three-sevenths ounces of sugar, and so on.

Hard Times

Mr. Morrison is being asked to provide pocket-money for interned Germans who have exhausted their cash.

Nobody seems to be worrying about the Britons in institutions who, surrendering their old-age pensions to the authorities, are having their shilling-a-week tobacco money stopped.

Late Answer

Essex village, recently showered with fire bombs, provides irritating example of official lunacy.

All available sand was used in tackling the bombs, but a request for more had to be deferred until the rural council held its next meeting!

The Old Army Way

Despite War Office keenness to put round pegs into round holes, blunders still happen.

Male hospital nurse, aged forty, volunteered for the R.A.M.C., but was drafted to the Pioneers to sweep roads and empty bins.

His wife reports that he has now fallen ill and has been graded C. Another man wasted!

Naturally

Man called up last June was a munition worker, experienced in filling A.A., pom-pom and cannon shells.

What do you think the Army made of him? Why, an officer's batman—of course!

Allotments Waste

Allotment-holders complain to us that they can't sell their produce, have to waste large quantities, yet point out that the public has to pay 10d. or 1s. for a cauliflower in the shops.

Why not, they ask, an allotment marketing board?

So let us explain, frankly, that the idea has been tried and failed.

Year's Food

Distribution costs were necessarily high. Moreover, though an allotment-holder grows food good enough for his family, it may not reach the standards expected by shops to sell to other people.

Besides, "Dig for Victory" Circular No. 1 advises you to grow enough for your family for a year. Do that, and you'll have none to spare.

You'll find the task easier—and cheaper—by joining the local allotments association. If there isn't one, get together and form one yourselves with the help of the National Allotment Society, 40, Broadway, London.

What! No Cigarettes!

JOHN BULL reporter found it impossible to buy a cigarette at Leicester. At Birmingham most shops had none.

He found none—or very few—in eight Midlands towns.

Some of them were munition towns. Men don't work so well if they can't have a smoke after their meals.

Men to Spare

One director said: "We have boys who are always tramping the town for cigarettes—a waste of labour at a time when we find it hard to get it."

The JOHN BULL man moved on to an Army camp. A captain told him: "I'll send some troops out for you.

"We've got plenty of man-power."

Bulldog Breed

The Duke of Kent awards three certificates each year to the most efficient boys in the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel.

Two of the three honoured this year are sons of JOHN BULL readers—and there's still room in the hostel for more bright J.B. lads who'd like a career in the Merchant Navy.

Costly Comfort

Building in a very fashionable quarter of London has been taken over by the War Office.

Says a painter employed there: "The radiators didn't suit the Brass-Hats, so they've all been taken out and replaced by others. And the decorations must cost thousands."

We've proved so much official extravagance that we can quite believe it.

Watch Your Tax

April 5 brings the close of the fiscal year. If interest has been paid to banks or on mortgages, certificates should be obtained *now* to secure adjustments on income and property tax.

Taxpayers assessed on the half-yearly basis should see that their assessments are in accordance with the actual earnings for the year.

If in difficulty, our income-tax expert will help you.

What a Crazy System!

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

ALL through the last war, nobody was able to persuade us that a lorry driver in the A.S.C. was really worth six times as much as a private in a line regiment.

Not that there were no stout-hearted lorry drivers; not that we sneered at the Army Service Corps—as it then was—we simply resented the *fact* that one man in uniform should get 6s. a day, whereas another, who was, to say the least of it, no less valiant and valuable, should only get 1s.

When this war started, all sorts of public men declared their adherence to the principle of "equality of sacrifice."

John Bull was not greatly impressed. The phrase was not new to us. We had heard it frequently twenty or more years ago, and nobody quoted it with greater relish than the smug statesman or the fat profiteer.

THIS TIME, HOWEVER, WE DID HOPE FOR SOMETHING NEARER EQUALITY IN THE TREATMENT OF ALL OUR FIGHTING MEN.

We have been disappointed. The entire pay system of the Army—and, to a lesser extent, of the Navy and the Royal Air Force—is still archaic, or, if you prefer it, unfair, unbusinesslike and out of date.

Its origins date back to the Crimea, or even earlier. There are usages and privileges now which have no rhyme or reason in relation to modern conditions.

We have had to learn that the old ideas of fighting battles are out of date. The Nazis showed us that when a quarter of a million of their highly mechanised troops rolled up the mighty French army like a schoolroom map.

That being the case, however, why cannot we realise now that the entire existing system of Service pay, allowances and deductions is just as obsolete and just as vulnerable as "the Maginot Line."

Like the Army itself, it needs to be "mechanised." To-day the Royal Pay Warrant is a crossword puzzle of allowances and deductions. The "experts" cannot solve it, and plain serving men either swear by it or swear *at* it, according to their individual luck.

John Bull, moved to this protest by hundreds of readers' letters, on the top of its own extensive observations, now urges the Service Chieftains to simplify the entire system of Service pay.

WE REALISE THAT "THERE IS A WAR ON." WE KNOW THAT THOUSANDS OF PRIVILEGED TROOPS AND HUNDREDS OF "LUCKY" UNITS WILL BE FURIOUS AT THE MERE SUGGESTION OF LEVELLING THEM "DOWN" AND ALL OTHER RANKS "UP."

But we believe and shall always maintain that—basically—every soldier, sailor and Air Force man deserves the same wage; neither more nor less.

We do not object to proficiency pay, because the men who get it have to earn it first. But we do object strongly to "trade" discrimination. We condemn and despise every kind of "preferential treatment" that is based upon ancient custom rather than upon modern conditions.

Let us face it: as things are to-day the service authorities start with a wide and complicated—and completely illogical—scale of basic payments, and upon this they have to build a towering, unstable fabric of special allowances and deductions.

At one time a soldier was just a soldier at a fixed rate of pay; to-day he may be anything from a soldier-carpenter to a soldier-chiropodist. The one earns so much and the other so much more. The chiropodist is probably treading on the carpenter's corns.

John Bull maintains that, rank for rank, every man in uniform should draw exactly the same pay. We have argued, and still feel inclined to believe, that, for the purposes of this "total war," it might be advisable to place the entire nation on Service pay and Service rations.

But we realise that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to revolutionise our economic system by a single stroke of some war time pen.

On the other hand, it should not only be possible, but practicable and easy, even in the midst of this terrible conflict, to change right over to a simplified system of clear-cut payments to all Service men, and, where necessary, to clear-cut deductions and allowances for special "damages" or special expenses.

Lack of space forbids us in this page to make a detailed examination of all existing anomalies of pay and allowances. We are content to assert—and leave our Service readers to judge—that our existing pay system is the most complicated in the world. And the most wasteful!

A huge army of clerks and accountants in uniform is needed to keep it going at all, and, with the best will in the world, this army can neither carry it through in full nor see that it operates without hardship to thousands of luckless individuals.

"JOHN BULL" IS CONFIDENT THAT, WITH A SIMPLIFIED BASIC SYSTEM, THE COUNTRY COULD REDUCE ITS SERVICE PAY STAFFS BY AT LEAST 25 PER CENT., AND THE LEGITIMATE GRIEVANCES OF THOUSANDS OF SERVING MEN BY NO LESS.

In the constant quibble over halfpence which the present system imposes, tens of thousands of pounds are wasted or lost track of altogether.

We remember how, in the last war, men would go on leave from the front in the comfortable impression that their pay-books were in credit, only to find, upon their return, that all sorts of debits had not reached their own regimental pay offices, and that they had come back plunged into unimaginable debt.

OCCASIONALLY, of course, the surprise was a pleasant one, and a serving man would find himself in unexpected credit. But the plain fact was—then as it is now—that no paymaster in local authority either knew, or could possibly know, how his own men stood in their Service accounts.

There has been no change in this chaotic and ridiculous position since the last war, or, if it comes to that, since the Crimea.

And we echo the recent bitter comment of a private Member of Parliament who remarked on the fact that, while this country does not hesitate to trust a general with—say—ten thousand lives, it will not trust him with so much as a sixpenny postal order!

TO COME DOWN TO BRASS TACKS, WE URGE THE SERVICE AUTHORITIES TO STANDARDISE ALL ALLOWANCES, WHETHER FOR OFFICERS OR MEN, FORTHWITH.

We think that an already complicated position would be still more confounded if, as some people demand, allowances were to be graduated according to the civil responsibilities left behind by the individual Service man.

These responsibilities, of course, must be taken into consideration, but we hold that they ought to be examined by independent hardship tribunals, leaving all actual pay and fixed allowances on a clear-cut basis.

Apart from the essential and obvious justice of a simpler basic standard, the Services should clearly try to avoid all the irritating, and sometimes tragic, delays in the payment of claims which are strictly due.

THESE DELAYS ARE UNAVOIDABLE UNDER THE EXISTING SYSTEM. THE ARMY PAY OFFICE, FOR INSTANCE, HAS TO RECORD ALL CASH PAID OUT TO THE SERVING SOLDIER BY HIS COMMANDING OFFICER, TOGETHER WITH THE CHARGES MADE AGAINST HIM.

BUT it is not dealing—like any ordinary business house deals—solely with its own staff: it is only an agent for the Government. It does not know, for instance, that Private Smith has just applied to allow his wife an extra 3s. 6d. a week.

He has filled in the necessary forms and probably notified his wife of the coming change, but he may have to wait for weeks before the relative instructions come through to his own unit.

And in the meantime, poor chap, he is apt to take what is given him on trust, do himself fairly well, and suddenly discover that he has a load of debt!

John Bull suggests that, if each serving unit had its own pay staff after all the Services had been put upon basic standards, every soldier could receive his full due and know his full commitments.

We are confident that this system could be made as fool-proof as the ordinary bank "pass book" which records every debit and credit as between the customer and the bank with the minimum of delay.

Hundreds of old Army men, thousands of Service accountants, and many thousands of dear old "die-hards" who have never given the matter a single thought will say that "it can't be done."

But this country is constantly doing—and doing extraordinarily well—things that the world thought it could never do.

HUMAN MACHINE

The Greatest Power

● A cynical philosopher once remarked: "Animals think not at all; some men a little."

Most people thoroughly deserve his cynicism. They detest the labour and the responsibility of thinking. They really prefer to take their opinions secondhand, ready-made.

They really prefer to accept as true what the loudest voice proclaims as truth.

Why is it that the first thing a tyrant does is to suppress free speech?

Why does he burn books, prohibit the dissemination of news and views that have not been through the mill of his approval.

Because the power of thought is the greatest power in the world.

If you don't think for yourself and if you don't examine every thought and every idea that is offered you, you are throwing away the greatest gift bestowed on man.

You are deliberately putting yourself below the level of humanity. You're admitting your willingness to be a slave.

Everyone who thinks fearlessly and expresses truly what he thinks is helping to weave the pattern of the future. Everyone who refuses to use his power is hindering the march of destiny.

"It is the revelation of thought," said Emerson, "that takes men out of servitude into freedom."

Don't you think you might do your bit?

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—The public can take it. But can the authorities?

I ask because Glasgow has repeated the after-blitz muddles that last year disgraced London's East End, Coventry and Birmingham.

By contrast, Swansea and Cardiff proved themselves ready with excellent schemes for feeding, sheltering and advising the homeless victims of Nazi hate.

How many other towns, so far lucky, are as ready?

It is no use *hoping* they have learned from others' mistakes. We must *know*.

We must be as sure that every town has detailed, yet fluid, plans, as we are sure that the inhabitants will maintain the morale which has won the world's admiration.

I urge you not to be too shy of infringing the proud independence of local authorities.

There is obvious and urgent need of supervising their arrangements.

You should, I suggest, direct Regional Commissioners to examine the A.R.P. plans of all towns in their areas. The Ministries of Health and Food would undoubtedly co-operate.

Let this be done, and the public will have an assurance that intensive bombing will never again shatter local government.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Air Vice-Marshal CARROD, Chief of R.A.F. Training

DEAR SIR,—"They also serve who only wait" is evidently your motto.

A youth of twenty, accepted as a pilot early last December, was told he would be called up after four or five weeks.

Now he learns he "may" be accepted for training about mid-May—and no employer will offer him a job because of the uncertainty.

A typical example of the hardship and loss of enthusiasm caused to our future airmen!

If the delay is due to an abundance of recruits, why appeal so urgently for more?—JOHN BULL.

ESHER COUNCIL, Surrey

GENTLEMEN,—Thank you for proving that Officialdom has emerged from its winter sleep by distributing a Whitehall pamphlet entitled "Your Anderson shelter this winter."

Timed, I suppose, for April 1.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir W. WOMERSLEY, Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—It is alarming that 27,000 men, discharged from the Forces on medical grounds, have been refused pension.

Many of them were not examined by a specialist before having their claim rejected. Many of them may therefore be victims of grave injustice.

You have half promised to set up an independent appeal tribunal after the war. It is needed *now*.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. F. CAMBLE, Tyrone Hospital

DEAR SIR,—Because you think shaving a luxury, hospital patients must grow beards.

You might as well argue that most civilised habits are luxuries in war time, and condemn your unlucky patients to nudity and a diet of water and raw meat. —JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir C. LITTLE, Second Sea Lord

DEAR ADMIRAL,—Sailors in an Orkneys camp have been there for two bitter winters, and cannot obtain transfer.

Though they are supposed to have three leave periods a year, five months actually elapse between each leave.

If they need medical treatment, they must walk two miles to a sick bay.

Knowing your constant concern for your men, I'm sure you will arrange their transfer as quickly as possible.—JOHN BULL.

John H. BRIERLEY, Lytham, Lancs.

DEAR SIR,—Though I champion the rights of conscientious objectors, I regard you as a lucky young man.

You have been granted unconditional exemption, though you did not register or appear before a tribunal to state your views.

And, though willing to do war work, you insist that it must be of your own choice and done in your own way.

Quite a little dictator, eh?—JOHN BULL.

Lord NORDER, 141, Harley Street

MY LORD,—I do not know how, with all your public and professional work, you have managed to find time to write a new book. But at least I am sure that it should be read by all interested in public health—Cabinet Ministers included.

Result of four years' study by the Empire Rheumatism Council, it includes a plan for national treatment of a disease that affects at least a million adults and 200,000 children in England and Wales.

Most rheumatics could be instructed how to obtain relief without long hospital treatment.

But, as I have long urged, we need a country-wide system to provide that instruction and special clinics.

Its cost would be only a small proportion of the £35,000,000 lost to industry each year by the disease.

If your book ("Rheumatism," 2s.) succeeds in making this plan part of our reconstruction programme, it will be the cheapest two-shillingsworth in medical history.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. INNES, Director of Telecommunications

DEAR SIR,—Many telegraph-poles and miles of wires were brought down during the great snowstorm earlier this year, and are still unrepaired.

If you are short of labour, appeal for Army aid.

Whether invasion is still likely or not, every break in communications is a break in our defences.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION, Portsmouth

GENTLEMEN,—You need reminding that every minute lost on war work is a gift to Hitler.

Nearly every morning hundreds of dockyard men are ten or fifteen minutes late because of lack of buses. At night they are sometimes an hour late in getting home.

Is this because you have lent buses to evacuation areas?—JOHN BULL.

A.R.P. OFFICER, Northamptonshire

DEAR SIR,—A Corby woman wanted a Mickey Mouse mask for her child, who had outgrown the baby respirator.

She carried the heavy contraption two miles to an A.R.P. centre, was sent on to another post four miles away.

After waiting two hours, "closing time" was announced.

Her husband tried next—only to be told that the baby was two months too young to qualify for a bigger mask!

I marvel he wasn't advised to chop the child down to the requisite size.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER LYTTELTON, M.P. President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Directly an injured seaman leaves ship for hospital his pay and allotment to his family are stopped.

When discharged from an overseas hospital, he is sent back to Britain on a shilling a month.

You will agree, I am sure, that Board of Trade regulations should be amended as mark of the nation's gratitude to the Merchant Navy.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTOR, Navy Comforts Fund

DEAR SIR,—People of Wells, in Somerset, decided last October to send "comforts" to H.M.S. *Wells*, formerly a U.S.A. destroyer. Here are the results:

November: 4s 3d. spent in postage on parcels that the authorities sent to the wrong ship and were regretfully returned by the commander.

December: Post Office accepted further parcels for delivery, charged 12s. 6d., and then returned them.

March: Two sackfuls accepted for despatch by a railway company, cost 5s. 2d., and again returned.

Not very encouraging for working folk who had spent £8 on gifts and knitted nearly sixty "woollies."—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. E. BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—At last the Government has decided to stop profiteering on furniture, removals and other necessities.

When are you going to stop the war rent profiteering?

When, too, shall we see the long-promised Bill to prevent tenants from having to pay rent on houses that have been bombed to the ground?—JOHN BULL.

Jo

PLUNGING throu
seas came a
cargo ship, the
She was a b
over 10,000 tons, loa
general cargo and ho
from Australia *via* th

She carried an anti-su
a slender anti-aircraft
sandbags over her hatc

On the bridge was
looked like a little funn
an armour-plated pillbo
steering-wheel and co
phone with all parts of

The Master's home-f
bombs should start to
'Tween decks, this s
wooden locker and it
of notices in scarlet
GER!" For in it were
tons of explosives, in s

The Master, Captain
responsibility. A 12,00
cargo which would tu
a death-ship if a singl
among it!

Practising

So he went to some
with British aircraft th
various points *en route*
"go through the m
bombing attacks, teac
to train their guns, h
cover, and himself to
attack.

One morning, off th
as the first streaks of
ing the heaving sea, an
far overhead

It gave recognition
those given by our ov
then descended toward

But the Skipper was
—he never did. So h
and tin-hatted gunne
guns.

In the twinkling of
—for such it was—we
vertical dive and op
machine-guns. No les
jumped to action stat
Clarke gave the order

With German bull
hail on the decks, th
with their first salvo.

The Stuka roared
waves, and down cam

One went down a
worst thing that coul
funnel smashed down
the second bomb hit
a terrific explosion
stagger like a horse
head.

The jubilant Germ
down with goggled fa
tion they had caused.

Hell of Reek

A fire was raging o
tiny figures lay sp
decks; the Stuka
machine round in
and put its nose do
and, as he thought,

Next moment he h
flinching away from
ing cordite as he ne
again.

Far below, in hi
Clarke was trying t
mutiny.

Gunner Croxford,
seaman at the ack-
badly wounded by
bullets in the Germ
then severely burned
sion a mere few yar

The Skipper had
to his bunk.

Joked on Hot Dynamite

AN EPIC OF ALMOST INCREDIBLE COURAGE, AN INSPIRING STORY OF A SHIP THAT TRIUMPHED OVER BOMBS, FIRE AND COLLISION PROVIDES THIS WEEK'S INSTALMENT OF "DRAKE'S BROOD."

By Commodore Purssey-Phillips

PLUNGING through the dark seas came a New Zealand cargo ship, the *Sussex*.

She was a big vessel, well over 10,000 tons, loaded deep with general cargo and homeward bound from Australia *via* the Cape.

She carried an anti-submarine gun and a slender anti-aircraft gun; there were sandbags over her hatches.

On the bridge was something that looked like a little funnel, but was really an armour-plated pillbox, fitted with a steering-wheel and connected by telephone with all parts of the ship.

The Master's home-from-home if the bombs should start to fall!

'Tween decks, this ship had a huge wooden locker and it bore a number of notices in scarlet letters:—"DANGER!" For in it were stored scores of tons of explosives, in steel cylinders.

The Master, Captain Clarke, knew his responsibility. A 12,000-mile run, with a cargo which would turn his vessel into a death-ship if a single bomb dropped among it!

Practising War!

So he went to some trouble arranging with British aircraft that flew over from various points *en route*, getting them to "go through the motions" of dive-bombing attacks, teaching his gunners to train their guns, his crews to take cover, and himself to zigzag to evade attack.

One morning, off the Irish coast, just as the first streaks of dawn were lighting the heaving sea, an aircraft was seen far overhead.

It gave recognition signals such as those given by our own machines, and then descended towards the ship.

But the Skipper was taking no chances—he never did. So he rang a warning, and tin-hatted gunners stood to their guns.

In the twinkling of an eye the Stuka—for such it was—went into an almost vertical dive and opened up with its machine-guns. No less swiftly the crew jumped to action stations, and Captain Clarke gave the order: "OPEN FIRE!"

With German bullets splashing like hail on the decks, the gunners missed with their first salvo.

The Stuka roared away over the waves, and down came two bombs.

One went down a funnel—about the worst thing that could happen—and the funnel smashed down on to the deck as the second bomb hit the ship aft with a terrific explosion that made her stagger like a horse shot through the head.

The jubilant German airmen stared down with goggled faces on the devastation they had caused.

Hell of Reeking Cordite

A fire was raging on the stricken ship; tiny figures lay sprawled about the decks; the Stuka pilot brought his machine round in a screaming curve and put its nose down for a second—and, as he thought, a final—attack.

Next moment he had banked and fled flinching away from such a hell of reeking cordite as he never wished to face again.

Far below, in his pillbox, Captain Clarke was trying to quell a one-man mutiny.

Gunner Croxford, an eighteen-year-old seaman at the ack-ack gun, had been badly wounded by the machine-gun bullets in the German's first dive and then severely burned by a bomb explosion a mere few yards away.

The Skipper had ordered him below to his bunk.

But Croxford, with his blood dripping on the deck, muttered something I cannot print, and, as the enemy dived for a second attack, put up the barrage that drove the Stuka reeling away to port.

Again the raider wheeled, and tried to renew the attack.

But not with any stomach for the job—there was not the same hell-dive fury and assurance as before that last dose of gunfire.

And, just to show him, young Croxford put up another blasting barrage—and once more the Stuka flinched away without dropping any more bombs.

The Germans, having no desire to smell more powder, now tried new tactics. They could see the wool cargo below spouting columns of fire scores of feet high; the ship had one funnel down; I feel that the word "scuttle" would have filled the Nazi minds.

So the Stuka gunner opened his cockpit roof and waved an order to Captain Clarke to heave-to and abandon ship.

I wish I could have seen the Skipper's face!

His reply came from the iron mouth of his ack-ack gun, at which the Nazi signaller popped in his head like a mouse that sees a cat outside its hole!

And then the game began again—the ferocious dive of the striking aircraft at the zigzagging ship, the flash-flash of her little gun, the Stuka "hedge-hopping" over the wavecrests and zooming up and coming back to try again.

He Beat Them Off

Three times they dived at the *Sussex*, and three times the exhausted and badly wounded boy gunner beat them off. The third time a nice little ball of white smoke exploded just beyond the Stuka's starboard wingtip. The aeroplane staggered, turned abruptly away, staggered again, tried to climb, failed, and then flew off southwards, losing height, with smoke pouring from the starboard wing.

If there was a sequel, it is probable that the fishes off Land's End wrote it about breakfast-time.

But the harm to the *Sussex* was already done. She was blazing furiously—*and she carried a cargo of dynamite!*

Every hand who could be spared from the deck went down to fight the fire.

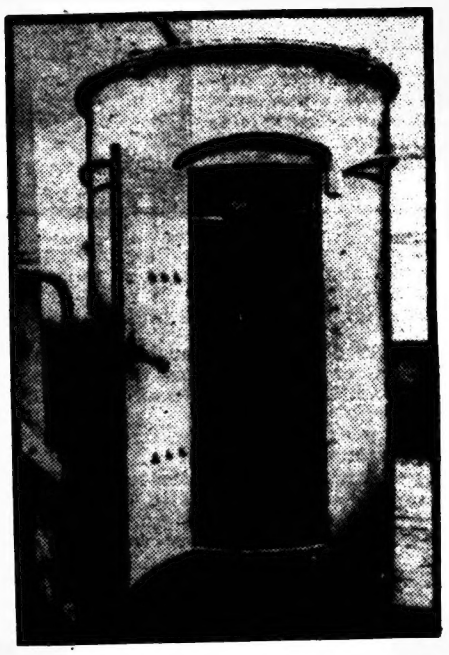
The hoses played like snakes; the water hissed and great tongues of red flames darted in and out of billowing black smoke.

Every man among that chaffing, sweating mob knew that, just above their heads (for the fire had now worked into the ship's vitals) stood tons and tons of explosive.

If the flames worked through—or even if the heat grew too great . . .

The Skipper was to and fro among them like half a dozen men, encouraging, taking a hand, directing. "He was a 'ero!" one of them said afterwards.

Up on deck he raced and gave new orders—that men should take hoses above and play water steadily down on the metal cylinders containing the explosives, to keep them cool. That was vital.



On the bridge was something that looked like a little funnel, but was really an armour-plated pillbox . . the Master's home from home if the bombs should start to fall!

There was a rush of volunteers for the terribly perilous task.

But it was awkward to get the water in the right place. The explosives were naturally well away below deck. One of the hose-men became impatient.

He was not really a man at all, but a boy—an assistant steward named Trundley.

He took his hose and clambered forward along the slippery boards. He lowered himself actually on top of the explosives; and from there he was able to souse them with perfect accuracy. . .

The water hissed down; by and by, steam began to rise.

These deadly cases of concentrated explosive death were growing hotter and hotter.

It seemed that, within minutes, the men and their ship would be blown to bits.

But still Trundley sat there, laughing and shouting back jokes. "It'd be worse if I was old Goering!" he yelled once. "If he was sitting here, look what a lot *he'd* have to get hot!"

Below, men worked furiously hosing the flaming wool. Despite the flames and the peril and the smashed and fallen funnel, the *Sussex* was still doggedly putting her best foot forward towards home, knocking back knot after knot.

Battle with Death

All the morning they fought that fire. Someone got round with cups of water and biscuit rations about midday, and the blackened, burned men ate as they worked.

Just after that the first of the explosive containers blew up.

After the terrific concussion, and when the smoke and stinging fumes had cleared away, Fred Trundley was seen, still playing his hose.

He was blackened all over; his clothes had been burned by the explosion; there was hell beneath his swinging feet.

He could not speak, but he took one hand off the hose for a moment and jauntily cocked up the thumb. Then he started hosing again.

By the mercy of heaven and by the pluck of those fine sailormen no more cases exploded.

Below, the fires in the wool were driven hissing back, smothered, flooded into smoking impotence.

By evening, after twelve hours' battle with death, they had got the last fires out.

Wreck and Chaos

But the fine ship of yesterday was now a dreadful thing of wreck and chaos.

The wireless was gone. Compasses, chronometers, everything on the bridge and in the chartroom, were smashed beyond repair.

There was a gaping and blackened hole aft, where the bomb had burst and the fire had raged. One funnel lay smashed across the decks.

Everywhere was filthy water, charred wood, broken wire, greasy soot.

But Drake's brood was taking that ruined carcase along, and they were going to get her to port; and to hell with Hitler and all his legions!

The sea was running green, and a violent gale was blowing.

Never mind! They had only a boat's compass left to steer by, and it was damaged.

Never mind—there was the last of the sun from which to get a bearing.

There were no stars that night—it came down a heavy fog, in which, in normal times, they would have hove-to.

But now their backs were up; and, anyway, the ship could not stand too much delay.

Her fine engines were undamaged, and so she stood along, blind, crippled, but indomitable.

Sparks poured out of the hole where the funnel had stood. If the Nazis had had the guts to fly out and look for her they must have found her easily because of that.

But the Nazis are Attila's sons, not Drake's; hard and cruel as they are, they do not care for fog.

Unforgettable Sound

Suddenly, in the blanketing yellow darkness, there was a terrific crash.

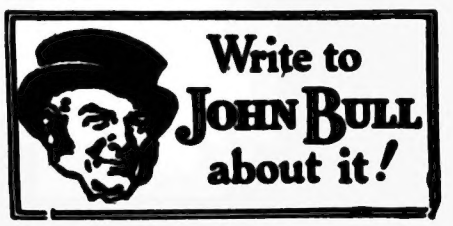
I heard that sound once in the last war, in somewhat similar conditions, and it is a sound no seaman ever forgets. A sound that comes back sometimes in nightmares—the rending smash of a collision!

But Neptune took pity on them. Instead of a disaster, the collision was only a light one, and it was turned to good.

The other vessel, a British trawler, called up help.

A busy little patrol-boat came nosing through the fog, game as a bantam, and guided the *Sussex* into port.

And so the greater part of the valuable cargo they carried was safely discharged, after all.



Greece Has a Way

By HARRY GREGSON

THE normal annual revenue of Greece is about £30,000,000—little more than two days' cost of our war. Yet, after only a few months, her economic organisation is running as smoothly as her splendid fighting machine.

Of course, we are giving Greece financial as well as military aid, but she has mobilised her own resources with a thoroughness we might well envy.

The moment hostilities began land was "called up." No scrap of earth which can be cultivated may remain idle.

Peasants who, in accordance with Balkan custom, had planted their fields and received payment for crops in advance of harvest, were granted extra payments to counteract the rise in the cost of living.

All motor-cars, motor-cycles and stocks of rubber tyres were promptly confiscated by the military authorities. The people accepted this as a matter of course.

Compulsory insurance against air raid damage was organised at once. Employers have to pay the premiums of their workmen who have been called up.

For loss of furniture the maximum advance payment is £27. If a house is so badly damaged that it cannot be lived in the amount is increased to £63.

Over here this may not seem much, but in Greece, where the standard of living is lower, it is regarded as fair and reasonable.

A Greek who is called up is automatically entitled to a postponement of payments for rent One very good scheme over there is the appointment of official trustees, who act, free of charge, as lawyers for the soldier, settling all his civil affairs for him.

People with bank accounts are not allowed to withdraw, in any month, an amount exceeding five per cent. of their total deposits. The most that can be drawn each month is £18.

The Greeks are born gamblers, and State lotteries, run something on the lines of the Irish Sweep, are still allowed.

The Treasury has been considerably helped by these lotteries. One big one covered a substantial part of the cost of mobilisation.

In these and various other ways our gallant allies are achieving wonders with their limited resources.

But though Greece is an agricultural country she cannot grow enough food for her 6,000,000 population.

Even with intensive cultivation not much more than one-fifth of her 50,000 square miles can be used, and a considerable quantity of grain has to be imported. Chief products are currants, raisins, tobacco, gums and resins.

BRITAIN and America are making sure she obtains all the wheat she needs.

Prices of essential foodstuffs are controlled.

A 2½ lb. loaf costs just under 6d. Milk to an equivalent weight costs 4d.

In order to regulate the price of imported foodstuffs, the Government has established a Central Bureau, which indemnifies the retailer against loss due to fluctuation in prices.

A ban on accumulation of supplies in houses and business premises serves the double purpose of preventing hoarding and losses by air bombardment.

Where paraffin is used for heating, the quantity which may be stored is strictly limited. Large stocks of oil and liquid combustibles may not be kept in towns, but only in places of safety beyond the outskirts.

Greek soldiers charging over a mountain fort three miles from Tepelini. They took the position with a bayonet rush

Every Athens family, for instance, must maintain a good stock of water in case bombing of the main reservoir of Marathon should cut the normal supply.

MANY people have thought it odd that Greece should allow Nazi representatives to remain in the country.

But a particularly close watch is kept on all foreigners.

Legations are rigidly controlled. They may not send telegrams in code.

No foreigners, unless they have a special permit, may leave the town or village where they live, and must sleep in their own homes.

The Greeks take A.R.P. precautions very seriously.

Orders regulate the opening and shutting of offices and works, all meetings, use of the telephone, protection of windows against blast, and attendance at theatres, dance-halls and other places of amusement.

Any Greek who wishes to travel must show his travel permit, *with photograph*, to the railway booking clerk or ship's purser.

Picture-postcards and photographs may not be sent abroad, while, as an additional precaution, relatives writing to officers in the Forces may not give the officer's rank on the envelope. Only the designation "Officer" may be given.

When Greece goes to war she throws everything into it.

NAZI HOTHOUSE ARMY

STRANGE methods have been used by the Nazis in training their "African Corps," about whose arrival in Tripoli they are now boasting.

Many of the soldiers have been trained in hothouses!

The idea began in what were first regarded as the crazy antics of a Major von Tschirner-Tschirne.

During the last war he served with the Turkish Army and was for two years in command of a lonely desert fortress near the Red Sea.

* * *

When the war was over he went back to Germany and settled down on the Kurische Nehrung, a long, narrow tongue of sandhills between the Baltic and the bay of Courland in East Prussia.

Inhabitants of the village of Pillkoppen called him "the Turk," and tolerantly regarded him as a little crazy.

He joined the Nazi Party before Hitler took power, and when he founded an S.A. group the local lads thought it was just another joke.

It was the time when Germany secretly began to rearm. During its first stages rearmament was camouflaged by creating formations that officially had no contact with the Army.

They were called "Country Police" and "Frontier Defence Corps."

Major von Tschirner-Tschirne was on good terms with Goering and he was made Commander of one of the "Frontier Defence Corps."

It didn't matter that there was no frontier to defend in the desolate sand dunes where he was!

Early one morning the villagers were awakened by a deafening noise in the sandhills.

They rushed out to find "the Turk" driving a tank across the dunes. It was an old one from the last war and he had hired it from the Berlin arsenal.

Then he asked for twenty volunteers from his S.A. group to tackle an interesting experiment.

They were locked in a large hothouse for a whole month!

They had to work hard, run up and down for hours, remain in scorching heat without water—and then he sent a detailed report on the result to the High Command.

By now Germany was at war.

The High Command began to take an interest in the strange experiments of "the Turk."

Members of the Army Medical Corps examined the men thoroughly.

They found out how the efficiency of the men could be improved, what kind of food was best for them, and how to evolve a special tropical uniform.

* * *

There was a long silence.

And then came the news that Germany was preparing a desert army.

Major von Tschirner-Tschirne was appointed Colonel, his small estate on the *Kurische Nehrung* became the headquarters of the new desert army.

Two more camps were created specially, one in Jüterbog, a well-known training-ground forty miles south of Berlin, the other one on the Rhön Hills, near the Thuringian border. Thousands of German soldiers are now being trained in desert warfare according to the discoveries of Colonel Tschirner-Tschirne.

But he has another discovery to make. He will find there is a slight difference between a desert army trained in hothouses and one trained at Bardia, Tobruk, Benghazi.

OUR RAIDS CAN SCARE 'EM

WHAT happens when the R.A.F. swoop over Berlin? Is it just the same as when Goering's raiders arrive over London?

Reports from Germany reveal a vast difference. I have the testimony of a man who has been there during a raid.

He says: "In a cinema people were restless; there had been a raid the night before.

"Though a thriller was nearing its climax most men began looking at their watches. Women glanced to the exits.

"Though nothing had happened by the time the film ended, most people were on their feet before the curtain fell. They rushed out—and home."

Everybody who has lived in Germany knows how the enforced discipline flags under a strain.

Warden Helpless

"In a big block of flats," my informant states, "the Blockwart's (Nazi cell leader's) authority had never before been questioned.

"He is also air raid warden, but neither the big swastika in his buttonhole nor the A.R.P. armlet gained him any respect when the sirens sounded.

"The doors of flats burst open and everyone rushed pell-mell to the cellars. The warden was helpless."

United in common danger, the German people are becoming more talkative than in recent years, when an unguarded word was liable to land a man in prison.

When raiders are overhead, secret thoughts are blurted out. They are rarely complimentary to the Nazi leaders.

There is latent disappointment about the failure of Goering to keep the R.A.F. away. Germans are less likely to forget that boastful promise than many others that have not been kept.

They are horrified to see bomb damage. They have not the cool temperament and the inner courage of the British people.

Hiding the Damage

Nazi authorities know this and go to any length to hide the damage.

Long after the drone of 'planes has stopped the "All clear" fails to sound.

People are kept in shelters while shock troops of the Labour Corps rush to rope off streets, even though only one or two houses may have been damaged.

Not before the place has been thoroughly tidied up is anybody allowed to approach.

Façades of damaged buildings are repaired first!

When a factory has been hit, great pains are taken to prevent the workers from realising the extent of the damage.

As work often has to stop workers are met at the gates and hustled off to another factory where, they are told, they are more urgently required.

But all these vast precautions to stop people knowing the truth about the air raids seem to be hardly successful.

Too many refugees have arrived in Central and Southern Germany from the bombed West and North to prevent the news of bombing and destruction getting around.

Enforced secrecy, too, breeds rumours which even increase the actual damage done by the R.A.F. Now all Germany is seething with these rumours.

Willie Frischauer.

THIS

Must we ans... weapons? The... A.G.G.

WE British people are... are slow to wrath... civilised governm... have taught us t... tolerances of life.

But no one can move... without being sensible of... sphere. The temper is har... is growing more grim and...

As we move in the ruin... cities by day or wake un... night, we realise that we a... of a monster that it is... destroy.

IF THE POWERS... THREATEN TO SUBMER... CANNOT BE OVERCOME... MATE MEANS OF WAR, T... BE OVERCOME BY TH... BAROUS WEAPONS.

Hence the swelling... demand that we should... terror—total war with tot...

It rises, not only from... wrecked cities. It is hear... citizens of Malta, whose... their little island is one... these dark days.

"Bomb Rome," they c... barbarians as they deal w...

What should be our... demand? It is one of the... lems of the war.

In adopting terror a... Hitler has broken every... nations in the past have... chief breach has been in... combatants.

THE IMMUNITY O... TIONS AND OPEN TOW... HAS BEEN SO MERCILE... THAT THIS METHOD... BECOME HITLER'S PR... MENT.

His primary aim is n... but to destroy the morale...

He does not seek to... spread panic among nat... towns and cities to chaos... men, women and childr... from the air, his object... to resist and to defeat... rear.

How much he has s... technique of frightfulne... Belgium and France are...

How much he relies... to submission is shown b... tice of filming his horrors... as a warning to his next...

"Surrender, or this... his message to Norway, ... in turn.

In combating this... fare we have so far shi...

THIS BERLIN BOMBING

Must we answer Hitler's terror with his own barbarous weapons? That's the question now uppermost in all minds. A.G.G. answers it in this starkly frank article.

WE British people are poor haters. We are slow to wrath, and centuries of civilised government and security have taught us the humanities and tolerances of life.

But no one can move among us to-day without being sensible of a change of atmosphere. The temper is hardening. The spirit is growing more grim and resolute.

As we move in the ruins of our shattered cities by day or wake under the terror by night, we realise that we are in the presence of a monster that it is a sacred duty to destroy.

IF THE POWERS OF HELL THAT THREATEN TO SUBMERGE THE EARTH CANNOT BE OVERCOME BY THE LEGITIMATE MEANS OF WAR, THEN THEY MUST BE OVERCOME BY THEIR OWN BARBAROUS WEAPONS.

Hence the swelling undercurrent of demand that we should answer terror with terror—total war with total war.

It rises, not only from the ashes of our wrecked cities. It is heard no less from the citizens of Malta, whose heroic defence of their little island is one of the miracles of these dark days.

"Bomb Rome," they cry. "Deal with the barbarians as they deal with us."

What should be our attitude to this demand? It is one of the most crucial problems of the war.

In adopting terror as his chief weapon, Hitler has broken every law which civilised nations in the past have recognised. But the chief breach has been in waging war on non-combatants.

THE IMMUNITY OF CIVIL POPULATIONS AND OPEN TOWNS FROM ATTACK HAS BEEN SO MERCILESSLY REPUDIATED THAT THIS METHOD OF WARFARE HAS BECOME HITLER'S PRINCIPAL INSTRUMENT.

His primary aim is not to defeat armies, but to destroy the morale of peoples.

He does not seek to win battles, but to spread panic among nations. By reducing towns and cities to chaos, and by massacring men, women and children indiscriminately from the air, his object is to break the will to resist and to defeat the armies from the rear.

How much he has accomplished by this technique of frightfulness, Poland, Holland, Belgium and France are the witness.

How much he relies on it to reduce others to submission is shown by his ghoulish practice of filming his horrors and exhibiting them as a warning to his next selected victim.

"Surrender, or this lot will befall you," is his message to Norway, Holland, and the rest in turn.

In combating this hideous type of warfare we have so far shirked the moral issue. We have shirked it for a sufficient reason. That issue has been overshadowed by military necessity.

The war caught us so relatively inferior in the air that we were compelled to concentrate such force as we had on two objects.

First, in repelling the immediate attack. Second, in shattering, not the morale of the German people, but the striking power of the German war machine.

"Business before pleasure," was Mr. Churchill's curt comment when the question was put to him last year.

While Hitler has spent the best part of the winter in bombing our cities in order to break the will of our people, we have hurled all our might at the sources of his war engine.

By A. G. GARDINER

He banked on the short view; we banked on the long. He wanted immediate victory; we wanted time.

I THINK EVENTS HAVE SO FAR PROVED THAT WE WERE RIGHT AND HE WAS WRONG.

He has scattered his bombs like hail on our defenceless heads. He has destroyed our cities and massacred tens of thousands of our people—men, women and children.

But he has not broken our will to resist. He has toughened and hardened it. And the more he bombs the more dangerous the temper of our people becomes.

On the other hand, our air strategy has gained much. It has gained us time. It has proved the mettle of our people.

It has encouraged gallant Greece to take up arms. It has brought Turkey inflexibly to our side. It has brought the mighty power of the United States to our help.

AND it has delivered shattering blows at the German military machine. Do not doubt this.

Every bomb we have released has had its military target and every hit registered will have its military consequences.

And now the time is approaching when we shall be fighting Hitler in the air on equal terms and with the certainty that the balance of power will swing in our favour.

We shall no longer be under-dog. We shall be the top-dog. We shall have resources to spare to pay Hitler back in his own coin and to bring upon the German people the horrors that he has brought upon us.

This faces us with the moral question which we must answer in action.

I hope the answer will be based on military considerations, and not on the passion of revenge.

In the presence of our wrecked cities and the illimitable sorrows and miseries of our people that passion is natural and excusable.

I neither envy nor understand the person who can witness these agonies without a surge of anger that demands an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

Such a person may be virtuous, but he is not human. He may be above us, but he is not of us.

And let me say further that if this war could only be won by methods as ruthless as those by which Hitler has failed and will fail to win it, I should not hesitate to use those methods.

FOR THIS WAR MUST BE WON IF THIS EARTH IS EVER TO BE HABITABLE AGAIN.

This consideration links the moral question with that of military necessity.

I think the right attitude of the public is to leave the judgment on this great matter to those who bear the heavy burden of conducting this war.

They have earned our confidence so far. They have earned it without sullying the good name and the humane traditions of this country by stooping to the ferocities of Hitler.

That record, if maintained, will be of inestimable value to us and to the world when this nightmare is overpast, and we emerge from the carnage to rebuild a new world society on the ruins of the old.

BUT in keeping our hands and our souls clean of the foul outrage of massacring women and children as an act of deliberate policy, we must not fail to bring home the bitterness of war to the German people.

For the fifth time in living memory that nation of ferocious sheep has brought desolation and ruin upon its neighbours.

Not once has its territory suffered invasion or its people experienced the savageries of war that it has wantonly inflicted on others.

Even in the last war no drop of German blood was spilled by an enemy on German soil.

This must not occur again. Not until this barbarous people have had the hideousness of war burned into them by actual experience will they become—I will not say civilised—but possible neighbours of civilised nations

ONLY WHEN THEIR CRAZY AMBITION TO OWN THE WHOLE EARTH HAS BROUGHT THEM TO VISIBLE RUIN, DEFEAT AND PUNISHMENT ON THEIR OWN SOIL AND IN THEIR OWN HOUSEHOLDS WILL THEY CEASE TO BE THE GENERAL ENEMY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

And, by the irony of events, that lesson and that punishment will be driven home by the very weapon that Hitler relied on to terrorise the world into subjection.

His fellow-blackguard, Goering, boasted before the war that no enemy aeroplane would be allowed to insult the skies of Germany.

He knows better now. He will know better still in the days to come.

And we can leave to the Government the form in which stern justice upon this nation of hooligans can best be executed, with the utmost severity for them and without shame for us.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS

Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a luv-elly war . . .

YOU don't hear that roystering marching tune so much this time, but some pampered men in khaki and blue might well sing it with great fervour.

They are some of the film stars, actors and dance band players whose call-up seems to be a greater farce than was ever produced on any stage.

People have grown tired of reading the oft-repeated newspaper reports that so-and-so is just waiting to complete a film before joining up.

When they read, as they do more and more frequently, that so-and-so, having apparently at last reached the barrack square, has been given special leave to make another film, their boredom turns to exasperation.

And it is small wonder that public reaction becomes downright anger when it is known that more and more of these hybrid soldiers are given so much time off that some of them go on earning as much as £1,000 a year at their old jobs.

Should Be Reserved

If it is felt that these actors are doing useful national work in providing necessary relaxation for the country they should be scheduled in a reserved occupation and be done with it.

Not that I agree there is any need to keep out any who are of military age, but far better have a clear-cut ruling than this unsatisfactory half-and-half business.

Dance-band players are in a different category and I will deal with them presently, but the whole position with regard to actors is obviously one which should be reviewed at once.

The authorities concerned should make up their minds that once they are called up they are to be treated like any other men in the Forces and not be allowed to pop out just for the asking, apparently.

While the Minister of Labour is about it, too, he might get one of his officials to check up the position of the bunch of young stage and film actors of military age who are still watching their country's grim struggle from the United States.

Unpleasant Taste

It may be argued that there are not many of them, but something more important than numbers is involved. It is a position that leaves a very unpleasant taste and steps should be taken to bring these young men home.

Not all actors, of course, indulge in this jack-in-the-box soldiering. Still, there are far too many who do.

The dance band player is another problem.

It should be made clear that there is no regulation to stop a sailor, soldier or airman playing in an orchestra with his own instrument when his day's duties are over.

And while in this country men in barracks or camps are allowed out each night if they are not on guard or other duties.

What, however, appears to be happening is that when dance band players are called up, most, if not all, of them are made bandsmen, and the information reaching me is that their actual work in the Army and the R.A.F., in particular, is allowed to play very much second fiddle.

I am told there are about a thousand of these musicians at the main depots of the Guards and the Air Force and that after a two hours' or so rehearsal in the morning, they go off in their own cars to private engagements.

Serving Two Masters

Many of them, it is stated, play at night and until the early hours of the morning in London West End dance orchestras.

Recently eight men from a famous dance band were called up at the same time and they have continued playing regularly in the band at night.

In the first place, it seems a waste of man power for these men to be made bandsmen in the Army or R.A.F., merely because they are dance band players, and that appears to be the almost automatic routine.

I am all for bands in as many units as possible, but at this rate it is being overdone.

Then, if these men are able to get off almost every night, there is obviously something wrong, because bandsmen are usually trained in first aid and stretcher bearing and should do their drill as recruits.

Captain Margesson, War Minister, must tackle the scandal of these Jack-in-the-box soldiers

Also they should take their turn with guard and other duties at night. In addition there is now fire-watching and A.R.P. work.

The War Office, when tackled by a newspaper, declared that bandsmen were doing all these duties.

A JOHN BULL man who has made inquiries has found that if this is so the men must have dual personalities, because many of them have undoubtedly continued playing in their old dance bands every night since they were called up.

I think it is certainly time the War Office looked into the whole matter much more carefully.

More Camp Waste

SINCE I last dealt with the shocking waste of food which goes on in Army camps two interesting official announcements have been made.

One was the admission of Mr. Richard Law, Financial Secretary of the War Office, that the problem was a serious one and that steps were being taken to remedy it.

The other was that a plan had been prepared to appoint special Food Inspectors armed with suitable powers.

* * *

Well, I never like to be other than constructive in my criticisms, but food wastage is still very widespread.

You will share the indignation of one reader, whose meat ration for two for a whole week recently consisted of three chops, when I tell you of his discoveries.

"We did not grumble at the ration," he writes, "we just said 'Never mind, we are winning.'

"But we thought it scandalous when a farmer friend, whose land adjoins a searchlight camp, revealed that he had so much waste food from the camp-swills that he was obliged to give a lot of it away to neighbouring farmers."

The waste consisted of joints of beef which had never been cooked, pairs of kippers still in their wrappers, and other foodstuffs which are unobtainable in many shops.

Other complaints tell about entire sides of beef and pounds of bacon being thrown away; whole loaves of bread being dumped just casually into the bins or on land adjacent to camps.

One critic refers to a camp where at least half a ton of food is wasted every week; another says he is "horrified to see what is going on here regularly."

* * *

One fault concerns the general rule that there must be an accumulation of stores always on hand.

Cooks find that if they issue it it becomes waste; if they keep it it becomes surplus. Large supplies of perishables therefore cannot be eaten and go into the pig swill bins.

An experienced military cook complains that, because some cooks are as careful as he is himself, swill contractors protest that there is not enough swill to collect.

R.A.F. pilots, when they go off on a raid, are given packets of food for the crews to be used in case of forced landings. The food is often not needed and in many cases gets wasted.

The new Food Inspectors must hurry.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. M. J. Ward, Daniel Fold, Spotland, Rochdale, Lancs, receives this week's Guinea. She sent me some useful information about a scandal with which I am shortly dealing in these columns. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

FORTY TONS OF GREENS PLOUGHED IN AGAIN

MR. HUDSON, Minister of Agriculture, is constantly telling us, quite rightly, how important it is that we should grow more food.

In planning the best use of this year's harvest, he might look into the story of a New Malden, Surrey, market gardener who has just been sued for £58 rates.

He is Arnold Peter Hendriksen, and in peace time he chiefly grew and sold plants.

After "being more or less ordered by the Government" to grow vegetables, he was compelled to plough tons of them back into the ground.

* * *

He told the court that he had lost £800 in growing 40 acres of greens.

Sent half a ton of runner beans to Covent Garden and got only 6s. 10d. for them, although the cost of carriage alone was 17s. 10d.

Ploughed in 12 acres of cabbages because they would fetch only 9d. a bag of 40; and three-quarters of a million lettuces because it would not have paid to market them.

Planted five acres of greens by order of the Surrey War Agricultural Committee, but gave them away because of the low market price.

* * *

Mr. Hendriksen explained that he tried to sell his produce to shopkeepers close at hand, but in most cases they would not buy for fear that the wholesale market dealers would stop other supplies to them.

When he applied to the local Food Control Office for a licence to sell by retail, it took from November 11 to February 5—three months—to get it!

* * *

Far too much of this shocking muddle—if it is not something worse—went on all over the country with regard to last year's crops.

It is not enough to tell people to grow more food; there must be a scheme for collecting and marketing it, and Mr. Hudson and his Ministry should get busy with the plans now.

"Bargain Homes" You Must Watch

PEOPLE who need to buy bargain furniture in these times should be careful where they go for it.

A number of racketeers have lately started some clever schemes which, though attractive on the surface, are just a cloak for quick exploitation.

Advertisements constantly appear in small local papers suggesting that snug little homes are available, in their entirety, for a mere song.

Such announcements are worded to indicate that the owners must dispose of their furniture immediately at the best prices they can get.

I know of one woman who took an empty house solely for the purpose of filling it periodically with shoddy furniture which she advertises for sale.

Sometimes she makes out that the "home" belonged to a young couple and had to be sold quickly as the "poor boy" had died in the service of his country.

On other occasions she has made all kinds of excuses to dispose of these quick-profit "homes."

There may be nothing illegal in this undesirable method of selling "bargains," but it's a racket just the same.

GREENS
UGHED
AGAIN

I, Minister of Agricul-
stantly telling us, quite
w important it is that
ore food.
e best use of this year's
look into the story of
urrey, market gardener
sued for £58 rates.
ter Hendriksen, and in
chiefly grew and sold

ore or less ordered by
to grow vegetables, be
plough tons of them
und.

* *

t that he had lost £60
es of greens.
n of runner beans to
d got only 6s. 10d. for
e cost of carriage alone

acres of cabbages he-
fetch only 9d. a bag
-quarters of a million
t would not have paid

es of greens by order of
gricultural Committee,
ay because of the low

* *

explained that he tried
e to shopkeepers close
most cases they would
r that the wholesale
uld stop other supplies

ed to the local Food
r a licence to sell by
n November 11 to Feb-
nths—to get it!

* *

this shocking muddle
thing worse—went on
ry with regard to last

to tell people to grow
must be a scheme for
arketing it, and Mr.
inistry should get busy
w.

---

n Homes"
ust Watch

ed to buy bargain fur-
ese times should be
they go for it.
acketeers have lately
ever schemes which,
on the surface, are
uick exploitation.
constantly appear in
suggesting that snug
available, in their
re-song.
nents are worded to
wners must dispose of
mediately at the best
.
woman who took an
y for the purpose of
ly with shoddy furni-
vertises for sale.
makes out that the
to a young couple and
ckly as the "poor boy
rvice of his country."
ns she has made all
to dispose of these
s."
othing illegal in this
od of selling "bar-
cket just the same.

Miracles Ride Again

★ Behind the highlights of the war epic little dramas are piling up in the obscurity of terse official records. Some thrilling escapes by hair's-breadth chance are recounted

By A. P. LUSCOMBE WHYTE

FOR six days the four British airmen had sweated in the blazing heat of the Arabian desert.

Their only protection was the wing of their force-landed 'plane. Emergency rations of food and water were nearly finished.

For miles in every direction the undulating desert stretched in shimmering emptiness. Before them the lonely waters of the Gulf of Oman offered no more hope.

They were close to despair.

Suddenly, in the afternoon of the sixth day, a cry from one of the men brought all four staggering to their feet. Four miles out from shore a British ship was cruising slowly.

All four men waved their arms frantically, shouted, kicked up clouds of sand.

The ship steamed steadily on. No one had seen them. . .

Incredible Luck

Then occurred one of the most remarkable chances of this war. A ten million-to-one stroke of incredible luck.

Almost desperate with disappointment the flight-sergeant and the observer had run to the top of a small knoll in a last effort to attract attention.

Something made the sergeant glance at the ground. He exclaimed aloud, bent down—and picked up a small piece of broken mirror!

How it had come to this lonely waste will never be known—except by the fates. Anyway, the sergeant didn't stop to think. He grabbed the bit of glass, and flashed it in the sun, using it as a heliograph to signal the moving ship.

Aboard the rescue vessel, sent to search 250 miles of barren desert coast, the officers were putting down their glasses after a fruitless scrutiny of the shore when the tiny flashing light caused a hasty ringing down of "Stop" on the engine telegraph.

Every flag in the ship was run up in acknowledgment.

Later that evening came in slow, hesitant morse from the shore: "We are four British airmen. We are now on the beach."

At dawn next day a boat was taken inshore and three volunteers swam with lines and buoys through the heavy surf. The four airmen, by now all-in with exhaustion and relief, were dragged to safety. . . .

The war is piling up little dramas like this, most of them hidden away in terse official records.

In Enemy Territory

Magnificent feats of daring have been performed by our armoured car patrols in the Libyan Desert.

In small units of three cars they have penetrated deep into enemy territory, sometimes hundreds of miles from the nearest friendly post. Spying out enemy fortifications, taking prisoners, destroying Italian dumps and posts.

One of these cars broke down 100 miles from British lines.

It had been a long trip. For days the crew had been living on newly shot gazelle and buzzard. Water was desperately short—enough to last four days only at one cupful a day each man.

Through the blazing heat of day and the freezing nights they worked unceasingly on the engine, without avail.

It was vital that they should return to their own lines. They took a risk and lit a smoky fire to attract a possible British patrol 'plane.

It did. A reconnaissance 'plane spotted them, bumped down to a landing.

But an Italian patrol had also seen the smoke, and soon the car and the 'plane were surrounded by the enemy. A miniature battle followed, in which the numerically superior enemy was routed, leaving prisoners behind.

But it was almost certain that a larger force would return to surround this gallant little garrison.

So the 'plane, badly damaged by machine-gun fire, was hastily patched up, and staggered off the bumpy ground.

It reached its base. Relief forces were rushed out. And the gallant handful of men, with their vital information, were saved before the Italians could organise another attack.

And here is a rescue attempt which ended with a surprise.

An R.A.F. officer, searching by van for a force-landed 'plane, lost his way in wild Albanian country.

Well within enemy lines, he blundered into a group of Italians fighting a rear-guard action against the advancing Greeks. He drew his revolver, advanced—and fifty Italians surrendered to him!

Marching with the Abyssinian Patriot Army to-day is a young girl named Banichyzgu Kidani, daughter of a Colonel publicly executed by the Italians at Addis Ababa.

Sentenced to Death

Imprisoned for seven months by the Italians, she was sentenced to death on a charge of killing three Italian officers.

An American missionary was the first to help her. He gave her some medicine which made her violently ill. The Italians then sent her to a leper colony.

Here a Swedish doctor hid her in hospital, where she cut her hair and disguised herself as a man.

The doctor then reported her death, and sent the body of another patient to the authorities as hers.

With twenty dollars he lent her, she escaped to the Sudan, served as a boy with the rebels, and eventually joined the Emperor's expedition, still in male disguise.

In Vichy-ruled Madagascar, the Indian Ocean island, four Englishmen were refused permission to leave and fight for Britain. So they secretly bought a tiny native boat, and with two days' provisions, started a nightmare voyage of nearly 1,200 miles.

Five days out they managed to pick up a few scraps of food at a tiny island, and for the next ten days they battled through mountainous seas.

Sick, hungry, thirsty, afflicted with sores, they steered their way by pocket compass to Portuguese East Africa—and soon to Durban to join up.

To Singapore comes a steady trickle of French escapists from Indo-China, Thailand and other parts, on their way to join De Gaulle.

A naval officer and two air force officers made a perilous 600-miles flight in a light 'plane with a range of only 300 miles.

The naval officer borrowed the 'plane from the Saigon flying club, and picked up his friends at a lonely spot on the coast.

Here the tanks were filled, and extra petrol-tins loaded aboard until the over-laden 'plane could barely stagger into the air.

Far out over the Gulf of Siam, the tanks began to run dry.

Balanced on the Wings

They could be filled in only one way. In turn the air force officers climbed out on the wings. Without parachutes, carrying heavy petrol-tins, battered by a 100 m.p.h. wind, they laboriously poured tin after tin into the tanks. One slip would have meant death.

But they reached British territory.

The R.A.F. Coastal Command has a wonderful record of rescue work.

Big Sunderland flying-boats have alighted on rough seas and picked up as many as 21 men from drifting lifeboats.

Their 40-knot rescue launches go out into wild seas to locate airmen—British *and* enemy—shot down into the sea.

Sometimes these launches themselves need rescue.

One unit of this "R.A.F. Navy" went out to look for a Heinkel crew, reported drifting in their rubber dingy.

Far out at sea, in a heavy swell, the engines gave out. They rigged out a sea-anchor and spent the night at sea.

No one could rest, as the furious seas flung them from their bunks and against walls and ceiling.

It seemed the ship was doomed, but after 24 hours' battering, a searching Coastal Command 'plane spotted them, and circled overhead for nearly three hours. Eventually three naval sloops, called by radio, arrived.

"We were bobbing up and down beside the sloop," related the captain, "sometimes level with the bridge, and then right down below her. I thought the whole launch was going to be thrown bodily on her foredeck, but we swished down into the trough again with a bare foot between the ships.

"Each time the launch passed the sloop's deck a man jumped for it and was hauled on board."

A long-odds chance saved the lives of an R.A.F. crew and a valuable Wellington bomber. Returning from a raid, with radio smashed and instruments useless from a magnetic storm, it went off course. With less than an hour's petrol left and hopelessly lost, the craft was actually heading out to sea directly away from home.

Suddenly a lone Hudson reconnaissance 'plane appeared out of the rising sun.

Grinning with relief, the Wellington crew signalled by lamp, "How far to nearest land?" Back came the laconic reply: "Follow me."

They followed, and, just as the engines were spluttering out of petrol, put down safely at a Scottish coastal airfield.

Small armoured car patrols are magnificently daring in the Libyan Desert. Penetrating deep into enemy territory, they spy out fortifications, take prisoners, and destroy Italian dumps and posts

LETTER FROM A GRATEFUL WIDOW

WHEN three sticks of high explosive bombs fell on a hospital in a recent Midland raid the fatalities included Mr. William Thomas Turner, the fifty-seven-year-old Head Warden.

As Mr. Turner was a registered reader of John Bull his widow has received a prompt cheque under our Free Air Raid Insurance. She writes:

Thank you for the cheque that you so promptly sent to me and for which I am deeply grateful. It definitely eases a very sad bereavement for my boy and myself.

John Bull offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment. This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury, as defined, caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom. The Scheme applies to all civilian readers, without restriction, including Home Guards, Police, A.F.S., Wardens, Spotters and Fire Watchers.

If you have not yet registered, Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to John Bull's Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Have you a problem that worries you? If so, get it off your mind by writing to John Bull's *Free Advice Service at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Our expert staff will help you on any point raised. Send a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will do the rest.*

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

THIS ENGLAND CANNOT DIE

OFTEN before the war I used to wonder just what sort of people we English were.

And when I write "English," I mean English, not Scottish, Welsh, Irish.

I used to look around and think the smugness of some of the English unbearable.

I disliked the way in which social inequalities and injustices were blinked at; the poverty that existed side by side with extreme wealth.

I was appalled at the apathy shown in all matters of political or international importance.

To me it seemed that the English, stolid, slow and uncaring, were slipping into the twilight of mediocrity.

True, what we did was still well done.

Our ships sailed the seas, manned by the finest sailors.

From our factories and workshops came goods of incomparable quality.

* * *

And yet, somehow, there was a vague air of fatalistic pessimism in the country.

Our diplomatic blunders in the international field, the weakness of our so-called leaders, seemed symptomatic of a hidden canker.

That was the superficial impression many people, including Hitler, gained.

It was an impression that, more than any other factor, led the head of the Nazi murder gang into the belief that England would not fight.

France fell in six weeks. Ravaged Belgium and Holland were subdued in a matter of days. Nation after nation fell into line with the makers of the "New Order."

Not England.

Modern war has shown that endurance and courage are commonplace.

Any people with the tradition of greatness, with a history of trial and endeavour, can show those virtues.

Bombs from Jap murder squadrons have not conquered China; German and Italian 'planes did little to weaken the morale of the defenders of Madrid.

Yet, brave as they were—and are—the other races that have felt the force of the terror of air bombardment are lacking in some indefinable quality which belongs only to the English.

That quality shows itself in peculiar ways.

You see it in smiling women searching the wreckage of ruined homes for possessions they have lost; you see it in the dancing of the Lambeth Walk before a background of debris and blasted buildings.

It is in the humorous notices chalked up outside battered shops; it is in the picture of the King and Queen looking at the damage done to Buckingham Palace; it is in the cheers of bombed-out people as they welcome Churchill with cries of "Good old Winnie!"

* * *

This unknown quality which makes the English at once the envy and admiration of the world has in it neither bravado nor vanity.

To-day, more so than at any time in the history of their race, the English man and the English woman look at themselves objectively.

There is no vagueness about what they see. They are the players who matter in a world reeling under the blows of the most intolerable war in history.

On this colossal stage, with its background of massacre and misery, destruction and decay, the English people move, fully realising the purpose of their rôle, and determined to play it as well as they can.

They understand the issues involved in this mighty drama, and though, maybe, they comprehend everything but death, they do know that some must die.

Die, that is, in the sense of ceasing to breathe and live. But not in the sense of being obliterated, forgotten and unhonoured.

They cannot die, because they are England, because in them is that unknown, unfathomable quality—a serenity of purpose, a strength of right, and an imperishable belief in all that England was, is, and will be.

Because of them England cannot die.

IN ACTION with

These men have seen, and suffered, wrecked homes. Eagerly they hold the white-hot mass. A 1,250-ton plunge by a giant cupping press—and it is a bomb!

No roof. Walls the guns a bo a vivid exple by a tou of

I HAVE just spent a week—the first of several—in our aircraft and munitions factories.

I have seen hammers that would crush your house to powder with a stroke: other machines so delicate that they wouldn't survive one blow from a clock pendulum.

I have seen bombs grow more densely than onions. Tanks, too. Parts for aeroplanes that will surpass anything that has yet taken the air.

And things so hush-hush that the directors of the firms concerned don't know what they are.

But my interest in this tour is not in machines or processes.

It is in men *and women*.

Are they coming forward quickly enough?

Are they learning quickly enough?

Then the question in the minds of thousands: "Could *I* take up munition or aircraft making without making a fool of myself?"

More important than anything, I want to ascertain what evidence there is of this New Spirit we hear so much about.

If it exists, anything should be possible. If not . . .

The first week over, I go through my note book quickly.

HERE IS TOLD HOW I SAW TOOL-MAKERS PLYING THEIR MOST DELICATE OF ALL TRADES IN A FACTORY THAT HAD LOST ITS ROOF AND TWO OF ITS WALLS, SO THAT WATER WAS LAPPING ROUND THE GUM-BOOTS THEY WERE COMPELLED TO WEAR.

There how I heard one of Britain's biggest industrialists being warned by one of his stokers: "Your turn for fire-watching to-night."

And on the next page of Miss Stokes, young and pretty supervisor of one of the most important processes in the building of fighter-'plane wings.

"Three months ago," my notebook tells me, "Miss Stokes was earning her living wheeling babies in the park!"

THOSE PAGES ARE RICH IN PROOF THAT A NEW SPIRIT HAS DAWNED.

I had left London armed with letters of introduction from various Ministries.

Presenting myself at the gates of a huge engineering works I asked for the managing director's room.

No wonder the time-keeper smiled, for there was no such room.

That time-keeper knew I was going to find the managing-director in the corner of a lime-washed room packed with workers.

Chairman, managing-director, directors, accountants, managers, typists, clerks, office boys—they all share that one big room.

You can have a bigger desk than the next man if the work you do calls for elbow-room, but not on any silly idea of Importance.

This firm abolished Desk Snobbery when it abolished private offices with their carpets, rose bowls and pictures of "the wife" on mahogany desks.

"WE adopted the one-big-room idea because we wanted space for munition-making machines," one of the directors told me.

"First novels and knitting bags disappeared.

"Then the executives began to find that men and women of real merit who deserved something better had been stuck for years in £3-a-week grooves.

"We had been too busy looking down at our carpets, I guess, to notice them."

There are going to be no dead-end jobs in this place in future.

Any holder of a dead-end job is entitled to spend an hour or so, now and again, going into another department and learning the work he covets.

BEVIN'S ARMY

alls gone. Water lapping their feet. Yet they go on feeding bomb-racks . . . only one of the few factories hit; but it is ple of our munition-workers' determination to win revealed of shipyards, arsenals and supply factories, just begun

By MAURICE FAGENCE

He will have the first chance of any higher-paid job for which he fits himself—not an outsider.

It was in this factory that I met the ex-nursemaid who has risen in a few months to supervise delicate aircraft work.

She was a discovery of the system I describe, at a time when she was sorting bolts into bins.

She won her chance to try semi-skilled work—and donned the white jacket of the pupil.

Within six weeks she was wearing the green jacket of an instructor.

I met some hundreds of the girls. Even the mothers of five children are called "girls."

OLDER married women are, in the words of one of the instructors, "gems." In explanation, he says that a woman who has maintained a sewing machine can master any machine in an aircraft factory.

Still, the factory is just as keen on the younger women.

THEY ARE BETTER THAN MEN, I WAS TOLD, IN ONE VERY IMPORTANT RESPECT. WHEN THE SKILLED ENGINEER EXPLAINS TO THEM THAT A CERTAIN WAY OF DOING THE JOB IS THE BEST WAY, THEY TAKE HIS WORD FOR IT.

Men won't. As soon as the skilled man's back's turned they say, "What the devil does he know about it, anyway?" and try their own method.

"What might *I* be asked to do in an aircraft factory?" Many women are wondering that.

They might be required to drill holes—120, say—in a sheet of aluminium that has to be stretched over an aero-wing.

They might have to assemble the traceries you find inside aeroplane wings.

They might have to bend thin metal to a certain camber. This, and many processes like it, is little more than a matter of feeding the metal into a machine and then testing it against a cambered surface.

Clean work. Pleasant work. And interesting and patriotic work, too.

And responsible work, for everything has to pass a most rigorous test.

If, by dint of shaking it, an Air Ministry inspector hears the tiniest rattle inside a wing section, he will reject it. The work of scores will be wasted.

And the rattle might come from a piece of loose metal no bigger than a pin left accidentally inside the section.

Very different the next factory I visited.

HUGE PRESSES SHOOK THE EARTH OVER THE WHOLE FACTORY ESTATE. BOMB-CASES MOVED TOWARDS THE DOOR IN A DEADLY RIVER.

What evidence of a new spirit would I find here?

Well, it was in this building that I heard the managing director warned for fire-watching.

"Who am I on with?" he asked eagerly.

They told him. "Fine," he said, gleefully, rubbing his hands. "We shan't be dull then."

Next man to stop him was a Home Guard—one of the firm's own unit.

Soon I was treated to the spectacle of the managing director urging less discipline in the Home Guard, and the man in khaki—a foundryman when at his ordinary duty—arguing with warmth that "you can't have namby-pambyism in a military body."

It was here, too, that I saw tool-makers working with no roof between them and the rainy sky—no wall to keep off the east wind.

"Look at 'em," shouted the managing director, taking care that they heard. "The most fastidious workers in the whole of the engineering trade. They used to turn the air blue if anybody left the door open. Look what Hitler's done to them."

THE managing director looked back. He spoke more quietly now, so that they wouldn't hear. "I thank God for my staff," he said. "Our factory caught an unlucky one—just a chance one of hundreds poured down anywhere on the town during a blitz.

"We said to the tool-makers: 'First we must arrange for you to get hot food and drink.'

"THEY REPLIED: 'LET'S GET THE MACHINES GOING FIRST.'"

FOOD, DRINK, WARMTH, A NEW ROOF, NEW WALLS—NOTHING MATTERED AS LONG AS PRODUCTION WENT ON.

After a pause he spoke again. "Those men had a hell of a time in the Great Depression. I don't think anybody caught it worse than the engineer.

"It must never happen again. When we have won the war our first and main task must be to make that certain."

NEXT WEEK: *More Secrets of the Arsenals.*

Swaffer Lifts the Lid

SHOULD WE GO ON FEEDING ANIMALS?

● The question of animals is one of the most puzzling problems of the war.

Lord Harewood pleads for a continuation of racing in the interests of our bloodstock industry, which exports, to our profit, many valuable horses.

A few races to test the best of our horses would be enough to continue strains that could be replenished from America after the war.

As for greyhounds, we need only keep the best.

Similarly, our breeding of pedigree dogs and cats and birds should be restricted to the finest specimens.

As for hunting, it should be stopped immediately.

The animal question, though, affects more than trade. It is a problem in almost every home We are a nation of animal-lovers.

Yet, just before and immediately after war broke out, probably 750,000 dogs and cats, nearly all the pets of families that idolised them, were "put out of the way."

Now, unless the food situation becomes very serious, the difficulty is more or less solved. People are discovering how to obtain useless meat from the knackers, give their pets the household scraps. Some are gradually turning their dogs into vegetarians.

WHY NOT MORE ABOUT THE "BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM"?

● Lord Beaverbrook paid an eloquent tribute on the air to "the boys in the back room," the planners, designers and evolvers of new types of 'planes, men who had risked their entire reputations on the gamble of success.

He lifted a veil of secrecy that need not for so long have been imposed.

Then Lord Milne demanded, in the Lords, the names of the brilliant organisers who made the Libyan victory possible—"the men behind."

"Who arranged the supplies for these great Army movements?" he asked.

Each Minister should now tell us something of the amazing work which, performed quietly in offices, has turned Britain into one vast arsenal.

There are "boys in the back room" everywhere. Many have given up lucrative employment for national work. Many slave far into the night.

CAN'T AIR RAID LOOTING BE STOPPED?

● Not even penal servitude seems to have stopped altogether the looting of bombed homes.

It has been exaggerated.

What people do not understand is that while war makes many people brave for the first time in their lives, it also has the opposite effect.

Just as good qualities spring to the surface in hours of emergency, so do bad ones.

Most so-called looting, of course, is the pilfering of objects thought to be useless. Many are things which, if not taken away by some stupid or unscrupulous person, would be flung away with the debris.

Trouble arises when a bombed householder misses something which the thief thought useless, but which, to the owner, had a sentimental value.

Then, the black-out and chaos after a raid gave professional thieves the chance of their lives.

Costumiers and furriers in the West of London were robbed by these gangs.

In the darkness it became easy.

Special police, used to gangs, were put on the job, but even they found it difficult.

SHOULD HOSPITALS BE EVACUATED?

● London's big voluntary hospitals were originally founded as small institutions to deal with the needs of a metropolis then only a few miles round.

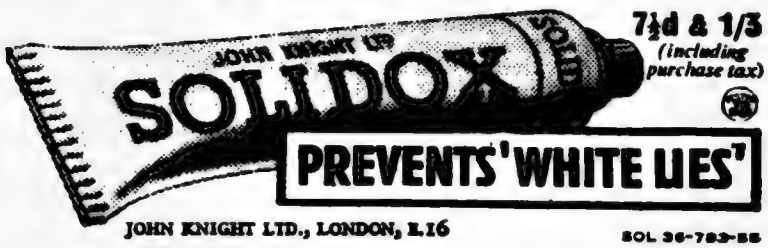
As London grew, these hospitals had to expand. But they remained on the same spot.

About 1904, a newspaper agitation induced King's College to move to Denmark Hill, short of a hospital; but the others remained in the centre.

Since then, motor ambulances and modern transport have made possible what the blitz made vitally necessary—the moving of most patients to a country area, leaving only bad cases in London.

The lesson will remain. In the post-war period, hospitals will be included in the general planning, and, wherever possible, they will be built in more healthy areas, central institutions dealing with casualties and sudden illness.

Yes, be proud of your nice white teeth—but make sure they're not 'white lies.' Make sure that tartar has not formed behind them forcing the gums away from the teeth, leaving the way open to serious dental trouble. Remember! Practically everyone has tartar. But you can remove it, and prevent it, by using Solidox. It's the only tooth-paste containing Ricinosulphate, the anti-tartar ingredient. Use Solidox regularly, then you'll know your teeth are not 'white lies,' you'll know they're as clean and healthy behind as they're white in front.



7½d & 1/3 *(including purchase tax)*

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16 SOL 36-783-55

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blouts up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/5.

THE WORLD'S BEST LIQUID MANURE...

Costs only id. per gallon.

RESULTS IN TEN DAYS!—That's the best of Sangral. You SEE the results while you continue to feed throughout the growing season. Sangral is phosphates, potash and nitrogen in SOLUBLE form—all that your vegetables, fruit and flowers need for perfect growth. Sangral is SAFE even for delicate seedlings, and it gives them a good start! Do as the market gardeners do—use SANGRAL, "while you water."

HELP THE WAR EFFORT—
GROW REAL VEGETABLES
by feeding them with

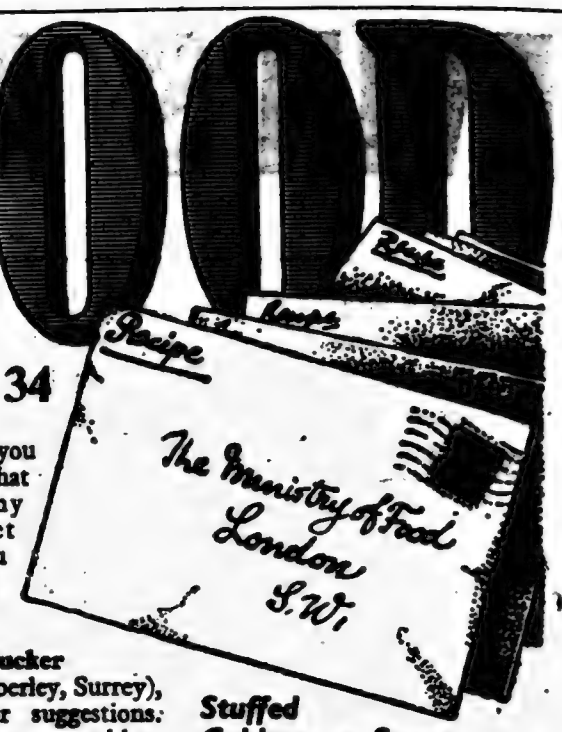
Sangral

10-DAY FERTILISER

BASCO LTD. LIVERPOOL 6d. pkts; 1/6 3/- 5/- tins

Sold and recommended everywhere

FOOD FACTS 34



PERHAPS you may wonder what happens to any recipes or pet economies you send in to us. Let's take an example.

Here is a **Mrs. Tucker** (of Ayston, Camberley, Surrey), who sends four suggestions. (She is eighty-five years old so she should "know her onions"—even in war-time!)

Her letter goes first to the general sorting-office, from which it is sent to the recipe sorting-room (it would have gone there direct had she marked the envelope 'Recipes'). It is read by one of the women who have been chosen for their experience of the problems of feeding a family day after day, and who know, too, just what is in the national larder *now*. Theirs is quite a job for as well as choosing something you will like to eat and that is good for you, they must pick dishes for which you can *all* get *all* the ingredients in whatever part of the United Kingdom you live. Whether you are twenty miles from your nearest shop or just round the corner from a market; whether you've a flourishing vegetable patch or have to buy your greenstuffs. These requirements narrow the choice a good deal. Three out of Mrs. Tucker's four suggestions fall down under such a strict test. But the fourth is a

Helpful reminder

She remarks "It is said 'peel and core' apples, I never do that. Wasteful." Old Mrs. Tucker knows that the skin is good for you and points out that if you don't like to eat it whole (as you would with a baked apple), you can chop the apple up finely before cooking, taking out only the pips and hard bits of core.

Ask your Baker for National Wheatmeal Bread! It's better for you, and the same price as white.

Stuffed Cabbage or Savoy:

The next recipe that passes all the tests comes from the initials "G.M." (she says she learnt to cook this in Dorset but gives no address.)

You need: 1 *large cabbage* (*or savoy*), ¼ *lb. cooked meat minced*, 4 *oz. breadcrumbs*, 2 *or* 3 *carrots*, 1 *small turnip*, 1 *parsnip* (or any vegetable in season), *salt*, *pepper*. Grate the raw vegetables and mix them well with the meat and bread-crumbs, salt and pepper. Wash the cabbage carefully, and shake, before stuffing the mixed mince between the leaves. To make sure the leaves do not open, tie string around the cabbage, and then put it into a saucepan with a little boiling water, put on the lid, and cook steadily until tender. Save the water for soup or gravy.

TIPS CHOSEN FROM THE POSTBAG THIS WEEK

Miss Renole of Stowmarket reminds us that baking keeps more goodness in a beetroot than does boiling. Even if the skin happens to be slightly broken the beet will not bleed, and the skin will easily peel off when cooked.

Mrs. L. Ashton of York is even runs to a rhyme of good advice with:

"*When overtired or worried*
one gets the stomach-ache,
A simple cure is don't fry things
but boil or steam or bake . . ."

Now what's yours?

We hope you'll contribute to our central fund of food facts with your own recipes, tips and reminders.

Do you listen to "THE KITCHEN FRONT" on the wireless at 8.15 every morning?

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY . . . By WILL SCOTT

All-Talking

THE Great Jones put his head out of the door, listened, told himself the coast was clear, and crept downstairs without making a sound.

He'd had enough arguments about the rent without going out of his way to stir up the landlady to have another for the fun of the thing.

The Great Jones crept out by the front door, crept down the steps and crept up the street.

"Ghastly!" he sighed. "I've got to raise the wind somehow and somewhere, or the old geezer's going to put me out on the street. That's protruding a mile."

At the end of the street he added it up.

He'd got about five bob left.

He took a bus up West and went to see an agent in a little street off the Strand.

"Nothing doing, boy," said the agent. "It's not just you. I couldn't book *any* ventriloquist now. Absolute drug on the market.

"It's the war, of course. Things will look up once the war is over."

The Great Jones crept out, crept up Charing Cross Road, and crept into the office of a second agent.

"Let's see—ventriloquist, ain't you?" said the second agent.

"That's right," replied the Great Jones.

"Afraid I've got nothing for you," said the agent gloomily. "I mean, who wants ventriloquists in war time? It's not your fault, I know. But it's not mine."

Heavy at heart, the Great Jones tried a third agent farther up Charing Cross Road with a similar result.

After that he stood, in a kind of daytime black-out, on the pavement at Poverty Corner, watching a hard and crazy world go by.

Somebody pulled his sleeve, and when he looked round there was Wally Cross ("the Comic who is Different") smiling up into his face.

"Hallo! How's tricks, old boy?"

"Lousy!" said the Great Jones.

Wally Cross nodded.

"I know. It's the war. Lucky to get a crust, I say. Coming to have one?"

A GOOD idea, the Great Jones thought it—about the only good idea left. They went round the corner.

"How are you doing yourself?" the Great Jones asked when they were behind glasses at an odd table.

"Up and down, old boy, up and down."

"Of course," admitted the Great Jones, "they've got to have comics, haven't they, war or no war? Even if it's only days here and there. But my line—vents—well, you can go and get extinct for all anybody cares."

"Bad as that, is it?" said Wally Cross, and then, remembering something, "You remember Percy Pond?"

"I haven't seen Percy since—oh, it must be nearly a year before the war," said the Great Jones. "Remember him? We were like brothers once upon a time."

"He was in here Sunday night," said Wally Cross.

"In here?"

"Yeah. And rolling in it—or seemed to be."

"Rolling in it?"

"Pat cigar on—wad of notes—drinks round."

The Great Jones went to see an agent in a little street off the Strand. But he found that the public weren't interested in ventriloquists these days

"You amaze me," said the Great Jones. "I'm no boaster, but my act's as good as Percy's any day, and I can't raise a bean. If he's making a living out of ventriloquism these days, I'd like to know *how*."

"Well, he is. I asked him, and he said he found business great. He's working—where did he say—yes, Topp's Green this week."

"H'm," murmured the Great Jones.

"So you see, old boy," said Wally Cross, "there's no need to give up hope. As you say, your acts are as good as Percy's any day.

"If he can knock the dollars down, so can you. You'll find the tide will turn."

"He really had the stuff?"

"Like I told you. Fat cigar on—wad of notes—drinks round. Rolling in it, old boy. Only Sunday, this was."

"Going to have another?" the Great Jones asked with a sigh.

"Can't, old boy," said Wally Cross. "Many ta's. Got to see a bloke. Some other time. I'll be seeing you. All the best, old boy. 'Bye."

Wally Cross dashed away, relieved that the Great Jones had not tried to touch him; and the Great Jones sat on, staring at nothing. Thinking. . . .

Percy Pond. Did he remember Percy Pond! Why, the greatest pals in the world they'd been at one time. If he could see Percy now, why Percy'd be good for a quid like a shot.

Without a word. *And* pay back when you liked, if you liked. Like that they'd always been.

He could see Percy now, in his mind's eye. Cheerful and talkative as ever. Loud check suit, hat pushed well back, startling diamond tie-pin. Good old Percy, with his nose like an eagle's beak.

Good for a quid, he'd be, as sure as sure. And a quid went a mile in times like these.

SUDDENLY the Great Jones remembered. Tuesday! Tuesday was always *matinée* at Topp's Green. He'd a very good mind to go out to Topp's Green and see Percy. A quid. Yes, *very* useful. . . .

And one in the eye for the old geezer.

"Who's broke? Here's ten bob on account. A friend of mine has just lent me a *quid*."

That would shut *her* up for a bit.

It seemed to the Great Jones that here was a solution to his immediate difficulties. So out he went and on the first train to Topp's Green, his spirits going up like a balloon.

But at Topp's Green the balloon suddenly burst.

On the big bill outside the Topp's Green Hippodrome there were twelve names, but not one of them was the name of Percy Pond.

HE couldn't believe it at first, but when it was beyond even his doubt he went inside and asked questions at the box-office.

Percy Pond *wasn't* on the bill this week?

Perhaps he was coming next week? No?

Then *was* here last week?

Wasn't booked and hadn't been booked? Thank you very much.

The Great Jones went slowly out of the Topp's Green Hippodrome and stood on the pavement, shaking his head. This was the end of the world.

Two bob chucked away in trying to find an old pal who was almost anywhere else in the whole world.

The absolute end of the world, this was.

"Oh, well," he said, making up his miserable mind. "You can't be broker than dead broke. Fun and games while the money lasts. I'm going to have one and to hell with everything. A big one! I'm going to have *two*. Two big ones."

He chose a pub down the High Street which had an old-fashioned, matey look, and went in and ordered a pint of old. He wanted to sink his troubles so deep that they wouldn't come up even for the second time.

"Nice morning," he said; not because it was, or that any morning ever could be again for him, but he wanted to get the landlord talking, to help himself forget

The landlord agreed, but kept on staring at something, not really taking any notice.

"Mind," said the Great Jones, "I don't say we couldn't do with a bit more sunshine."

Again the landlord agreed, but he still kept on staring at something, still not really taking any notice.

The Great Jones put him down as an unfriendly bloke who didn't really want to trade. But a few more glances showed him that the landlord was a worried man who couldn't stop staring.

This caused the Great Jones so far to forget his own troubles as to wonder what the landlord was staring at, and to look.

It was a bird in a cage on the top of the partition dividing this bar from the next.

A blue and green and yellow bird.

One of these budgetarias—budgeregardias—budge . . . Well, whatever you called 'em. The Great Jones never could get the name right.

One of those little talking things they used to put on the radio.

"Nice bird," he said.

"Nice bird my foot!" growled the landlord.

"Good talker?" the Great Jones asked.

"Good talker my foot!" snarled the landlord.

("Something wrong here," thought the Great Jones.)

"I've been done!" the landlord shouted, thumping the counter.

"How?" said the Great Jones.

"That's the point," said the landlord; "I don't know. But I must have been done."

"How do you mean?" said the Great Jones.

"He comes up to the door," said the landlord, "with dozens of 'em in little cages on a barrow. 'The finest talkers in the world,' he said, 'and I'm only asking two quid each.' 'I should want to hear it talk,' said I. 'You shall,' said he. And talk it *did*. This one, too."

"Go on," said the Great Jones.

"*First*," said the landlord, "it said, 'To Hell with Hitler' three times, which I thought was worth the money itself.

"Never heard a bird like it. 'Dirt cheap at two quid,' says this bloke. And it *was*. So I brassed up and took the bird, and away he went with his barrow full of 'em. At two quid a time, he'll be a millionaire by Pancake Day.

"But, do you know, since the minute I bought it, yesterday morning, that bird hasn't let out a damned sound! I've been done, but how?"

IT came to the Great Jones like an inspiration.

"What's he look like?" he asked.

"Bloke with a face like an eagle. Check suit, diamond tie-pin, plenty of talk *himself*. . . ."

The Great Jones was out of the pub like a flash.

"So that's it!" he said. "Well, if I have to search every street in Topp's Green, I'll find him."

He found him.

And was able to say that night to the old geezer:

"Here's a quid on account. A friend of mine has lent me a *fiver*. And you can keep your old room after Sunday. I'm going on tour again. With this friend."

Heres to Inner Cleanliness!.

See how Andrews Liver Salt refreshes and purifies:

FIRST—Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.

NEXT—Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN—It tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY—To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

10½d. and 1'6½d. including purchase tax.

*4432

but 'FAMILY HEALTH' comes first!

Let your hunger wait just a little longer while you wash with Family Health Soap. That's vital to your health, because the dirt on your hands carries germs. But a scrub with Family Health before every meal, and its antiseptic lather will keep you safe.

First-Aid Tips from the Family Health Warden

OPEN WOUNDS *Protect from air with clean dressing, cover with cotton wool and bandage firmly. If presence of glass is suspected, bandage lightly.*

KH 70-812-68 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAPMAKERS SINCE 1810

Fry's Cocoa as a food

IV

AS A NIGHTCAP

FRY'S Cocoa is an ideal nightcap, for its high food value sends every member of the family off to bed feeling warm and 'satisfied', while its easy digestibility ensures sound and refreshing sleep. Fry's Cocoa is so rich in nerve-strengthening substances that a cup at night gently soothes away the frets and worries of the day. Children love the fine chocolate flavour of Fry's and they need no persuading to take their favourite bedtime drink. Fry's Cocoa makes every meal go further—an important consideration in these days of rationing. It is also one of the few foods that have come down in price since the war, thus bringing within reach of countless families a most valuable addition to their diet.

FRY'S

The cocoa with the real chocolate flavour

5D A QUARTER-LB

C.289.7341

The Fighting Forces' **FAVOURITE!**

Our fighting men use a lot of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. They have always known that nothing puts such a shine in so short a time on boots as Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

You may sometimes find it difficult to buy your favourite polish. That is because the demand is far greater than we can supply and we have been compelled to ration our customers.

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

So Brilliant—So Economical.

Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4.

CB/37/12

Smokers' 'Fur'

**How to detect it—
How to prevent it**

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

***Protect Teeth with new toothpaste containing* ★'MILK OF MAGNESIA'**

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

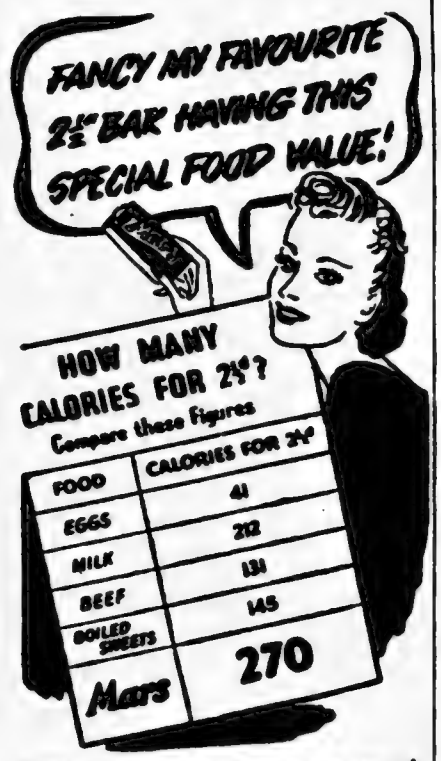
Commence fighting mouth acid to-night. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

7½d., 1/1d., and 1/10½d. (including Purchase Tax). Sold Everywhere.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

THE ANTACID TOOTHPASTE

★'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



Think of a Mars Bar. Imagine that smooth chocolate, that tasty malted milk, that delicious caramel centre in your mouth. *Irresistible*, isn't it? It's specially rich in calories—those invaluable energy-builders. Mars is a meal in itself—and what a lot you get for 2½d.

Mars 2½d

She Let Him Down

A GIRL WHO HAS ALLOWED HER FIANCE TO THINK SHE STILL LOVES HIM WHEN HER AFFECTIONS HAVE TURNED ELSEWHERE ASKS FOR ADVICE. SHE MUST TELL HIM NOW

Says HUMANIST

THERE are times when we all stand at the crossroads wondering which way to take. Sometimes we have to choose between two evils. At others we are divided between our desires and our sense of duty.

It is never easy to decide.

A young woman asks my advice about a dilemma in which she finds herself.

"Two years ago," she writes, "I fell in love with an officer in the merchant service, but as my people would not consent to an engagement we became engaged in secret just before he left on a long voyage.

"About a year later I regretted what I had done. I discovered that what I thought to be genuine love was nothing more than a passing infatuation.

"After this, I fell hopelessly in love with a medical student.

"He is nearly through his examinations now and will carry on his father's practice.

"I have promised to marry him as soon as he is a doctor.

"He thinks I have broken off my previous engagement, but, somehow, I never had the nerve to hurt the first boy's feelings.

"I have just received a letter saying that he expects to be back in England shortly, and will ask my parents' permission to marry me as soon as it can be arranged."

There is only one answer.

The girl cannot seriously consider marrying the first man, since she has long recovered from her infatuation.

And she so obviously wishes to marry the young doctor that I have no doubt about her future.

Her real trouble is that she has let the first man down through fear of hurting him. She ought to have told him the truth months ago.

And now she has to face the music. The sooner she does it the better for all.

The man will be disappointed, naturally, and has a right to reproach her.

Some men would make a terrible scene, but my experience of sea-going men tells me that they have a sound knowledge of human nature.

They know that girls change their minds; that people fall in and out of love; that one has to accept what comes as one has to accept storms at sea.

They are usually broadminded and philosophical.

And, if the girl has been out of love with him for a year or more, he must have detected it in her letters.

I have told her to break the news and get it over. She will have to do what thousands of girls do every year.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

MY next problem is one of the many that have been created by the war.

It comes from a man now serving in the Army.

"Before being called up," he explains, "I managed to get my wife and two children out of a much-bombed area into a comparatively safe district.

"The nearest town was crowded with evacuees and rents were high, but by going several miles into the country my wife was able to secure two small rooms in a shepherd's cottage at a reasonable rent.

"There are more ways than one of profiteering. These people are out to make 'a bit extra' out of my family.

"The shepherd insists on fetching milk from a near-by farm for them, and charges 2s. a week for doing it; another 1s. a week for splitting firewood; 2d. for posting a letter; a commission on anything brought back from the town; and so on.

"His wife is a persistent borrower—a couple of eggs, a piece of margarine, half a loaf, one thing after another, and none of them ever repaid.

"Any remonstrance is met by hints that my wife could be made homeless if they thought fit.

"Apart from the expense of a further move, it is almost impossible to find other accommodation in this district. As a war-time home the rooms are not uncomfortable, but how can these petty extortions be combated?"

In theory the problem is simple.

The wife ought to make a firm stand against this exploitation, but if she does this she can be made to feel extremely uncomfortable.

The wife's so-called borrowings ought to be stopped: they are flagrantly dishonest. But the problem of borrowers who never repay is an old one, and crops up in peace time among neighbours.

The shepherd's charges for extras are different.

The soldier's wife could fetch the milk, chop the firewood, post the letters, and make her own shopping expeditions to town. But she is paying for services rendered.

She is faced with the same kind of problem as the man who has to keep perpetually tipping in a hotel. She feels that she is being victimised.

The shepherd would probably be indignant if he were told that he is profiteering from the war—making a "good thing" out of another man's patriotic service.

Pity the Excess Profits Tax does not take 100 per cent. of these extras, as it does from big business. The same should apply to all those people who are charging ridiculously high rents in safety areas.

Remove the motive for profiteering, and everybody will get a chance of a square deal.

ANOTHER problem comes from a woman reader in a reception area.

"I am one of the lucky evacuees," she says. "We are in a most comfortable house and our hosts are friendly and charming to us.

"Yet I am faced with a problem which troubles me badly.

"The family with whom we are staying consists of a father, mother, and a thirteen-year-old son. The father is away all day on business. The mother suffers from partial paralysis which prevents her doing any housework.

"They could easily afford a daily help, but do not like a stranger in the house, although this does not apply to us.

"The boy is therefore kept away from school day after day to keep his mother company and to help with the housework.

"He is a bright boy, but, oh! so pitifully ignorant, owing to lack of schooling.

"His parents seem to have a 'pull' with the authorities, who never complain about the boy's absence.

"I just hate to stand by and see him being deprived of opportunities which can never be made up to him. My own time is fully occupied with my own family.

"Yet if I mention the matter to them it might create bad feeling between us. I have even thought of writing anonymously to the school attendance officer, but hate to be a tale-bearer."

If the girl has been out of love with him for a year or more, he must have detected it in her letters

I don't like the idea of an anonymous letter in any circumstances, and I find it difficult to believe that any parents have a "pull" with the Education Authorities which would enable a boy to miss school.

The right person to inform is the Education Officer, who would order the attendance officer to make enquiries into the case.

Is it possible that the boy is a year older than he says?

In a general way I object to interference by outsiders, but one cannot make a rigid rule. If a child were being starved or his eyesight neglected by careless parents, one would be justified in intervening.

The neglect of his education is a parallel.

THIS IS THE REASON WHY

WHY don't we bomb Berlin until it's one reeking heap!
WHY do we let the Germans ever get one good night's sleep!
WHY do we bomb "target areas" and leave their civilians free!
WHY do we "take" mass murder and return it with chivalry?
WHY do we wait for Mad Gangsters to commit even deeper sins!
WHY, because these are not the things the Deciding Battle Wins.

WHY do we watch small nations corrupted, and tricked, and bribed!
WHY do we let their weakness and treachery be conscribed!
WHY do we tolerate traitors with such calm magnanimity?
WHY do we have to "take" foul lies and give back Honesty!
WHY do we rescue Nazis who machine-gun our outstretched hand!
WHY do we always do the things that the World Can't Understand?

WHY do we always mingle our victories with human-thought!
WHY do we treat so fairly the prisoners we have caught!
WHY do we often seem to start a job when it's just too late?
WHY are we never satisfied unless a thing is first-rate!
WHY do we laugh at disaster and never know when we're done!
WHY do we keep on keeping on? Why, because that's the way all Wars are Won.

WHY do we go on grimly making a joke of it all!
WHY do we do our greatest deeds when we've got our backs to the Wall!
WHY don't we stoop to the Beastliness our Foes Flaunt across the world?
WHY, because our Flag is a symbol clean, wherever it is unfurled.
WHY do we do the Straight Thing when the Crooked Thing seems to pay?
WHY do we act the way we do! Why, BECAUSE IT'S THE BRITISH WAY.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● War has taken a heavy toll in the family of Mrs. E. Crouch, of Dymchurch, Kent.

Her elder brother served in the Navy in 1914 and died on his way home from France; the younger brother was blinded at the age of seventeen.

Her sister was killed while working on munitions, and her husband's brother was killed on active service.

Her husband tried to join up but was physically unfit.

Mrs. Crouch suffers from epileptic fits, but does her best to get work. Bad health, too, still dogs her husband.

They have had a terrible struggle to pay their way—particularly since the war.

Now Mr. Crouch needs new dentures, and they badly want shoes and clothing.

Will you send something to help this deserving couple?

Donations should be earmarked "Crouch" and sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

What a lovely Baby!

Thanks to

Fennings'

CHILDREN'S POWDERS

EFFECTIVE and HARMLESS

FROM YOUR CHEMIST SINGLY OR IN BOXES
1/5 and 3/5

Prevent Convulsions
Check Teething Setbacks

WRITE: Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I. of W., for copy of "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" post free

Phosferine helps fitter on 12 hour shifts

and now he is persuading work-mates to take it.

"I am a fitter and marker out. I work at a large steel works. I felt terribly run-down and my wife advised me to try Phosferine. I got benefit almost immediately and can now do a good 12 hours against the best of them. Moreover, I have persuaded several of my work-mates to start taking the Tablets, and they are obtaining the same results."

Sent by Mr. J. W.

10 DROPS WILL PUT MORE 'GO' INTO YOU.

Ask your Chemist for a bottle, today.

PHOSFERINE Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

TABLETS OR LIQUID, 1/5, 3/5 & 5/8 (Including Tax).

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly four times the 1/5 size; you save 2/-.

WARNING. The public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

Camouflage and all that . .

We artists can camouflage most things. Give us a few cwt. of paint and we'll make a factory look like Birnam Wood. But all the perfumes of Arabia won't camouflage the harshness of an unmatured tobacco. And so I stick to Four Square, a naturally matured tobacco that needs no camouflaging with scents or artificial flavourings.

FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING
8 DIFFERENT BLENDS—ALL MEDIUM STRENGTH
PRICES FROM 1/6½ TO 1/10½ PER OUNCE

932/15

PAIN AFTER MEALS

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a box of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 7d. and 1/1½d. Also family sizes, 2/3 and 3/11½d. (*Including Purchase Tax*). Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

VARNENE OIL VARNISH STAIN

preserves and beautifies wood floors

Easy to apply and ensures a lovely high gloss which will not readily chip or scratch.

Ask your Dealer for

VARNENE THE FINEST

V/EM/42

WINDOWS GLEAM 3 TIMES QUICKER

I SHAKE SOME WINDOLENE ON TO A SOFT CLOTH . . .
. . . APPLY LIGHTLY TO WINDOW – NO HARD RUBBING IS NECESSARY
. . . ALLOW A MOMENT TO DRY – THEN GIVE A QUICK POLISH WITH A DRY DUSTER

This is the way to make windows sparkle like diamonds! No water to splash on carpets — no more hard rubbing. Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes all grease and fly-marks — gives a rich, *lasting* gloss. It's economical, too —a 6d. tin of Windolene actually cleans over 200 square feet of glass! Try it on your windows, mirrors and picture-glass.

Bluebell Polish Co., London, W.C.2 (Reckitt & Sons)

6d., 1/- and 1/6 a tin

Windolene

CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

NO NEED TO BLACK OUT YOUR TEETH

Give your teeth a shine with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½ and 1/3 including Tax

Prices U.K. only

CLEANS BEST – LASTS LONGEST

R. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1 GD2179

VOIC

I AM a soldier.
So one restaurar
there as long as I p
the cutlery.
Another removed the
Librarians always sho
me angrily, whenever I
public library with as lit
ton boots will permit.
A private lending lib
let me borrow books, alt
a stiff deposit.
A cinema to which I c
for admission (I had b
town where Service me
for half-price) sneered
run by the Salvation
man R. A., Whitchurch
Cardiff is this reader's not the town in which badly treated.

P's and Q's for B.B

Why does the Briti
Company always begin
and announcements wi
B B.C."?
The letter "B" sta
Bremen and many othe
I know that we
perfectly well aware
stands for—but the
listening to our broadc
Besides, advertising
the best things to adv
Britain. It should ne
with an abbreviation w
listening. — R. C. E
Rowan Walk, Bromley.
Why not: "This is ing"? But not in

Heavy Sleepers?

By the middle of Ma
no replies from:
An insurance comp
wrote on January 28,
for endorsement wit
address.
A Food Control O
wrote on January 6
ration (a printed f

Side-S

Examples of uncons
the current Press are
cuttings must be sen
the sender of each
Mark envelope "Side
same "slip" is subm
one person, that whic
earliest postmark rec

GLASGOW EVENING
that if other people
to get nuts, which are
vegetarian menu."

NOTTINGHAM EVENIN
the scrap collected v
waste WATER and 8 lb

NORTHERN DAILY TE
his own home comple

NEWS CHRONICLE:—
to discuss old contro
cession in a spirit of

HAMPSHIRE CHRON
ADVERTISER:—"Pines
showing FIGHTS from

SUNDAY SCHOOL
the war no task will
the RESPIRATION an
national education."

LANCASHIRE DAILY
full LAD and the driv
carry on."

TEESDALE MERCURY
BOY given by Mrs.
Mrs. ——."

YORKSHIRE EVENIN
stand they are perfo
duties involving grea

VOICE of the PEOPLE

I AM a soldier.

So one restaurant let me dine there as long as I paid sixpence on the cutlery.

Another removed the cutlery.

Librarians always shout "Shush!" at me angrily, whenever I try to enter a public library with as little noise as ten-ton boots will permit.

A private lending library refused to let me borrow books, although I offered a stiff deposit.

A cinema to which I offered half-price for admission (I had been stationed in town where Service men *are* admitted for half-price) sneered: "We're not run by the Salvation Army."—Signalman R. A. Whitchurch, Cardiff.

Cardiff is this reader's home address, not the town in which he has been so badly treated.

P's and Q's for B.B.C.

Why does the British Broadcasting Company always begin its programmes and announcements with "This is the B.B.C."?

The letter "B" stands for Berlin, Bremen and many other places.

I know that we in Britain are perfectly well aware what the "B" stands for—but the whole world is listening to our broadcasts to-day.

Besides, advertising pays. And one of the best things to advertise is dear old Britain. It should never be dismissed with an abbreviation with all the world listening. — E. C. Kurn, Pentewan, Rowan Walk, Bromley, Kent.

Why not: "This is BRITAIN speaking"? But not in an Oxford accent.

Heavy Sleepers?

By the middle of March I had received no replies from:

An insurance company to which I wrote on January 28, returning a policy for endorsement with a change of address.

A Food Control Office to which I wrote on January 6 for an extra tea ration (a printed form received in acknowledgement on February 24, but no permit or refusal yet), and

A benefit society which I asked for a transfer form (also *re* change of address) on February 20.

In my opinion, the war is being held responsible for too much.—W. H. Jones, Gladesmore Road, London, N.15.

Owing to an Agency mistake, a wrong picture was recently described as a portrait of Mr. Stuart Hibberd. Here is an up-to-date photograph of the B.B.C.'s popular chief announcer

Seeded for Victory

During a recent "blitz" a house was demolished in a street near.

The other day I saw the resident, an elderly woman, digging the gardens.

They had been trodden to the hardness of concrete by the men who were clearing up the debris.

By the time these words appear, they will already have been seeded for victory. —Mrs. E. G. Doody, Canterbury Avenue, Ilford.

What About It, P.M.G.?

Pre-war Postmasters-General told us that the idea of special telegrams for birthdays was an overwhelming success. Well, as we'd like War Loan to be an overwhelming success, why not produce sixpenny savings scheme books with birthday greetings on the cover?

We should be tempted to send children and others a book containing five shillings worth of stamps rather than a five-shilling gift. We would thus spend less on luxuries.

Recipients would add to the stamps, and War Loans would benefit. Lastly, children would be taught thrift.—Mrs. M. L. Ross, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

An excellent idea. What about it, P.M.G.?

Quick Promotion

One of your readers mentions a man who became sergeant-major within a year of joining the Army, wonders whether it is a record.

My father joined the R.A. as gunner in November, 1939, and, by grand work, was Troop Sergeant-Major by February, 1940—a matter of four months.

His battery is credited with the destruction of more than one "Jerry." —I. M. Roberts, Snowdon Street, Portmadoc.

What! No Coal!

Ten shops have told me: "Sorry, no saccharine." Daily it gets harder to get. We are told to blame the war.

What nonsense!

Saccharine is a by-product of coal, which we have been unable to sell since we lost our French and Italian markets.

The excuse for not getting coal to your door (transport difficulties) hardly applies in the case of so highly compressed a product as saccharine.—A. Griffen, London, N.W.10.

1890 Still Topical

Thirty years ago, watching a patriotic scene, I heard a theme song which has proved rather prophetic:

"John Bull and Jonathan are walking arm-in-arm,
Talking business quietly, and don't mean any harm,
But don't you interfere with them, or else you'll have to face
Not only John and Jonathan—but the Anglo-Saxon race!"

—Frank Thomas, Oak Crescent, Leamore, Walsall, Staffs.

Army Sarcasm?

Perhaps a professional gardener (married, with two children) can be forgiven his private view that he is of more importance to his country growing food than marching in the ranks.

The Army can be excused for holding an opposite view.

But it was a bad blunder for authority to send him his calling-up papers in an envelope that told him: "Grow More Food. Dig For Victory."—Mrs. L. H. Austen, Hellidon, Daventry.

Forward, Miss Small!

Some time ago I tried to get war work as a woman.

I was failed on account of the smallness of my stature. At least 5 ft. 2 in. was insisted on.

Now comes the bigger drive to get women into the national effort at all costs.

Will this foolish belief that little women are unsuitable still persist?—S. Curtis, "Gilwell," Caerau Park Terrace, Cardiff, Glam.

Aircraft manufacturers cheer when a woman with tiny hands arrives as trainee. They can manipulate bolts in the delicate honeycomb contained in aircraft wings. Men's hands are too clumsy.

Four Times Dearer

Stiff-backed exercise books sold before the war at 3d. are now 7½d.

A ream of typing paper, formerly 1s. and 1s. 2d. per ream, is now 2s. 9d. and 3s. Envelopes that used to cost 2s. 6d. a thousand are now 1s. 4d. a hundred.

Does the paper situation justify such an exorbitant increase?—B. C., Abbots Place, Abbey Hulton, Stoke-on-Trent.

Yes. Some kinds of paper cost four times pre-war price. Paper, remember, is one of the bulkiest of cargoes, and our problem is ships.

This is Your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—"We feel that if other people get meat we ought to get nuts, which are a STALE part of the vegetarian menu."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"Among the scrap collected was eight tons of waste WATER and 8 lb. of aluminium."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Found his own home completely SUTTED by fire."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"She is prepared to discuss old controversies about oil concession in a spirit of give and SHAKE."

HAMPSHIRE CHRONICLE AND GENERAL ADVERTISER:—"Fines were imposed for chowing FIGHTS from premises."

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHRONICLE:—"After the war no task will be more urgent than the RESPIRATION and development of national education."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"We had a full LAD and the driver and I decided to carry on."

TEESDALE MERCURY:—"The surprise BOT given by Mrs. —— was won by Mrs. ——."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"I understand they are performing certain flying duties involving great SECRETARY."

Every Little Helps

WHEN the Spring season opens, Canadian trappers are going to put aside one pelt each for a Spitfire Fund.

Just a drop in war's ocean, maybe. But as welcome as the huge gifts of money and materials received almost daily from far-off lands of the Empire.

Besides, many of the big gifts are made up of small contributions from millions of men and women.

* * *

Children, too, are doing their bit.

Indian youngsters, who count the days to the Dewali celebrations as eagerly as English children look forward to a Christmas tree, gave up their beloved firework displays on condition that the money should help bombed London children.

Karachi juveniles have worked month after month making articles for sale, organising concerts and lucky dips for the Viceroy's War Fund.

A Canadian boy has invested forty dollars in Savings Certificates. Another put the same sum into Saving Stamps to have the fun of licking them.

Both pledge a further dollar each month from their pocket-money.

Indian landowners are not all princes. Many, many have to toil from morn till night to wrest a bare living from the scorched and stony soil.

Just such a poor smallholder has sent money for a rifle and a round of ammunition—"to equip one soldier," he explains.

Another has given his crop of potatoes and onions.

Students of Calcutta Flying School go without fish, meat and milk. The money thus saved is handed to a war fund each month.

An old Indian soldier donates a twelfth of his tiny income; a fierce tribesman gives 7s 6d. a month.

As for those notoriously fierce tribesmen of the Kyber Pass, who could imagine that they would provide £75 towards a Frontier Aeroplane Fund?

Previously they had subscribed the same amount for the Lord's Mayor's Fund for bomb victims.

One old Indian has given up smoking to afford 7s. 6d. a month—to be spent on cigarettes for British troops.

Indian women have sacrificed their silver trinkets, which have enabled Lady Linlithgow to provide a blood transfusion service for the Middle East and nineteen ambulances.

* * *

Ali Ahmed Ruban, of Aden, has saved half a month's salary to buy cement for repairs to the bombed King's House.

Mr. Cooker, of St. Helena, sends forty pairs of gloves for "air raid victims, who must be cold."

Mr. Broodbee, of British Guiana, has only rice to give—2,000 pounds of it!

Tens of thousands of articles of clothing are on their way to British hospitals and the Forces' Comforts Funds.

Gifts from little people who cannot write big cheques. All useful. All generous. And Britain is grateful for them all.

It's every girl's duty to smile..

To-day a real Odol smile means more than ever before. It's your duty to preserve it. Run no risks with tooth-pastes which use abrasives to secure whiteness. They wear away the thin enamel coating which prevents decay. Test your tooth-paste to-night. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

Keep the winning

Odol

Smile!

TOOTH-PASTE 7½d. & 1/3d
SOLID DENTIFRICE 7½d.
Including Purchase Tax

Get back the VITALITY winter has stolen from you

'New Life'

"I have been taking Iron 'Jelloids' for just over a month and feel quite different. They are certainly a splendid tonic and have put new life and energy into me." (Miss)——

After a winter like that, you need a *reliable* tonic and IRON 'JELLOIDS' have been recommended by doctors as a reliable tonic for over forty years past. And you must have an *iron* tonic, for iron is necessary to restore the vigour of your blood and to re-energise your bodily functions.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' contain blood-restoring, energising iron which, because of a protective process, is ever-fresh and always readily assimilated. IRON 'JELLOIDS' are convenient and easy-to-take; they cannot injure the teeth and they improve the digestion.

Iron is not so much a medicine as an essential constituent of your body. If you have no iron in your system you would die; if you have insufficient iron, if you are *iron-starved*, you are bound to be anæmic, debilitated, depressed, and "under the weather." Build up your iron-strength and you will have more energy for work and play, your nerves will become stronger, there will be a new spring in your step, a new sparkle in your eyes.

Start a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' with your next meal! You will be surprised how soon you will begin to feel better in every way, every day. The small size lasts 12 days, the large size, 36 days. Of all chemists and stores.

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2. For MEN: No. 2A (*containing quinine*).

make you feel better every day in every way!

Of all chemists and stores:
1/5 & 3/5 incl. Purchase Tax

COUPON for FREE BOOK

The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd. (Dept. J116), Watford

Please send your booklet, "IRON-STARVATION, The Thief of Health and Strength."

Name _____

Address _____

J.B. 5/4/41.

Post UNsealed under 1d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples and spots on the face humiliate a child at school and leave nasty scars. They are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

For a quick, safe remedy there is nothing like 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Get a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' to-day and give the little one a dose at bed-time. In the morning the bowels will act perfectly; gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. For 'California Syrup of Figs' has the natural health-giving, invigorating, blood-purifying value of fruit.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well. Doctors and nurses recommend 'California Syrup of Figs.' Obtainable everywhere at 1/5 and 2/10 (including Purchase Tax), with full directions. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

LION 'GOES TO IT'

for Septic Wounds and Skin Troubles

Don't let small Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Wounds and Bruises turn septic and serious. Don't let a scratch fester and hold up your national duties.

LION OINTMENT goes right to the root of the trouble—brings out the inflammation—soothes and heals.

LION OINTMENT saves suffering, saves time. Keep a box handy. Famous for 90 years. Also for:—**CARBUNCLES, BOILS, WHITLOWS, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, IMPETIGO, and even BAD LEGS.**

1/5 *From Chemists 1/5, 2/5, 5/8 per box (inc. Purch. Tax)* Or by Post from Edwin Burgess Ltd., 59, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1

BRITAIN'S FIRST-AID famous for 90 years

BURGESS' **LION OINTMENT**

Britain's First-Aid for 90 Years.

Every RUPTURE Sufferer Can Now Have Our Automatic Air Cushion Sent on Trial

Don't buy any rupture support until you've tried a Brooks on our no-risk trial. See yourself how this marvellous invention 'breathes', gives soft, firm support without gouging and holds without slipping—how it enables you to say 'good-bye' to rupture worries. Thousands already helped. Send at once for details of our 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Sent in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. LTD.

(S40 H), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

(S40 H), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Fortify your Kidneys!

UNDER present conditions most people are easy victims to kidney complaints. Overwork and worry greatly increase the task of nature's filters. If they become congested and slacken, harmful impurities remain in the system and are carried by the blood stream to all parts of the body, setting up

BACKACHE, URINARY AND BLADDER TROUBLES, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATIC PAINS, GETTING UP AT NIGHT, RENAL DROPSY, INFLAMED JOINTS.

Don't wait to be laid up! Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney medicine gives sluggish kidneys the help they need, cleansing and stimulating them to renewed activity and health. You can rely upon Doans. They have helped thousands. Why not you?

Ask for DOANS, 1'5, 3'5, 5'8 (incl. tax)

ACID INDIGESTION

it's gone!

The agony of acid burning into your stomach! The bayonet-stab of pain across your abdomen! How much longer must you endure that martyrdom? Not for 2 minutes longer if you only knew. 1,198 doctors could tell you the remedy—RENNIES. Simply take a couple of RENNIE tablets out of your pocket—they're individually wrapped—and suck them like sweets one at a time. Nothing to mix in water. No trouble or delay. Every RENNIE tablet contains 15 powerful antacids which wipe out stomach pain in 60 seconds. Even life-long sufferers have found complete relief in RENNIES. Get a 7d. packet of RENNIES from your chemist to-day. 2/- four times as much.

DIGESTIF

25 FOR 7d TAX INC.

RENNIES

WANTED THICK EAR!

★ *Peter Kane, who smashed his way from a Lancashire blacksmith's shop to the headlines of the boxing world, preferred the cobbles of his home town to the limelights of fame*

By A. W. HELLIWELL

IT was definitely one of those occasions when words are hard to find. The three of us—Ted Denvir, Kane's father and I—stood in gloomy silence listening to the rain pattering dismally on the roof of the dressing-room, looking at Peter and wondering what to say to console him.

Kane sat on the massage table, a little apart from us, with his legs swinging clear of the floor and his chin resting on his chest in an attitude of utter dejection.

For the first time in three triumphant years of professional fighting the little Lancashire blacksmith was tasting the bitterness of defeat. He was only nineteen, and when, at nineteen, all your castles suddenly come tumbling about your ears, the disappointment is hard to bear.

Kane had smashed his way to fame in spectacular fashion.

Before his truly phenomenal punch one opponent after another had gone down like ninepins, until only dour and tough Benny Lynch stood between him and the flyweight championship of the world.

And Lynch had proved too good for him.

His First Reverse

For the first time young Peter had met a fighter he could not batter to submission in his usual ruthless manner.

Now, after thirteen furious rounds that had left him without even the strength to raise his gloves on a level with his waist, he was back in his dressing-room.

Faintly, from the muddy Shawfield Park arena, where 40,000 people had sat through a pelting rainstorm to watch the fight, came the roar of the vast crowd acclaiming Lynch.

Kane shivered and pulled his dressing-gown closer around his shoulders.

He was picturing the scene out there under the arc lights where the champion was posing for the cameras and waving his gloved hands high in triumph.

It was thus that Peter, supremely confident in his mighty punch, had pictured himself.

Silently he held out his hands while we tugged off his gloves and unwound the tapes from his aching fists.

"Cheer up, Peter," I said. "You did your best. You couldn't have fought a better fight."

Kane was still silent.

There he sat, making no attempt to dress, until presently there was a tap at the door. Lynch, all smiles and very dapper in a new overcoat and cap set at a jaunty angle, came in.

"Tough luck, Peter," he said, holding out his hand. "You put up a grand scrap."

For the first time Kane raised his head. Somehow he forced a grin to his lips.

"I did my best, Benny," he said. "You were too good for me."

Since then, of course, Kane has held, and relinquished, because of increasing

He still chose to work for 18s. a week at the forge across the road from his modest cottage home . . .

weight, the world flyweight title; but I am sure that this particular evening in Glasgow he was certain that the sun would never again shine for him!

I was with Kane in Golbourne while he trained for this first fight with Lynch.

I think I am right in saying that this was the first time Peter took leave of absence from his job to get fit for a contest. Although he was, even then, up in the £1,000-a-fight class, he still chose to work for 18s. a week at the forge across the road from his modest cottage home.

This is characteristic of Kane. He has never shown the slightest inclination to cut a dash or indulge in any extravagances with the considerable sums he has earned in the ring.

Back to the Cobbles

When he fought in London or in Paris the bright lights never attracted him. His first thought always was to catch the first train or 'plane back home. He was happiest when he felt the cobbles of Golbourne under his soles again.

A friendly, quietly spoken, modest little fellow I found him—but in the ring, what a terror!

Kane has a style all his own.

There is no other fighter who can imitate his peculiar action. He bounces around the ring for all the world as though his boxing boots were fitted with spring-heels, and all the time his fists are poised ready to launch one of those thunderbolt blows for which he is famed.

It is Kane's speed combined with his uncanny instinct for being able to hit from all angles, both on and off balance, that makes him such a formidable opponent.

True, he breaks many of the accepted laws, but I think he has been wise in refusing to cramp his natural style by trying to box as well as fight.

Swinging a hammer at the anvil has developed his shoulders and biceps astonishingly.

When Kane throws a punch you can see the muscles bunch and ripple under his smooth skin.

He has always kept himself fit from those early days when he fought once or twice a week in little back rooms of pubs around Golbourne, usually against boys much bigger and older than himself.

Shared the Coppers

There were no purses for these fights. All the boy boxers received was a share in the coppers that were tossed into the ring at the end.

Sometimes, if they had put up a good scrap and the customers were in the money, there would be quite a shower, with perhaps even an occasional sixpence among the pennies. Often, though, when the pits and mills were quiet and the men of the district were out of work, there might be only a shilling to share.

But Kane was happy enough to fight for nothing, because already he saw beyond the days when he would be fighting for coppers in a noisy, overheated pub. These dreams of fame and fortune he kept to himself. He even trained in secret so that no one should know to what heights his ambition soared and laugh at him.

Long before his family were astir he would slip out of bed and creep downstairs.

Then, in the cold grey dawn light, he would walk over to Haydock Park racecourse and spend an hour running, skipping and jumping to tune up his speed and stamina before setting out for another hard day's toil at the smithy.

When I stayed in Golbourne I spent many a pleasant evening sitting before the gleaming kitchen-range in Kane's cottage home listening to Peter talk of those days.

Until you get to know him properly Kane strikes you as an unusually reserved and uncommunicative young man, but once he has accepted you as a friend and you meet him in an atmosphere where he feels at home, Peter is a good companion.

In his broad Lancashire drawl he once confided to me that the first thing he set his heart on possessing was—a cauliflower ear!

Bewildered by this astonishing remark, I asked Kane why.

"Because I wanted to look tough," he grinned.

To understand this you must realise that he grew up in a tough neighbourhood, a neighbourhood where the boys fought as naturally and frequently as less hardy youngsters play marbles.

Broken noses and battered ears were plentiful. Their owners sported them with pride. They were the badge of the hero, indisputable proof of guts and toughness in a district where a boy wasn't reckoned much unless he could give a good account of himself with his fists.

Although his size was against him and he was always the little fellow the others tried to push around, he never shirked a scrap, and it was really in the rough-and-tumble battles in the cobbled alleys that he learned to fight.

Kane did not get his wish until several years later, when he fought Gaston Vandenbos, the Belgian flyweight champion, at the National Sporting Club in December, 1936.

Incidentally, when Vandenbos slugged his left ear to pulp, Kane never felt the repeated swings the Belgian landed on it. He was too busy dancing in, throwing punches at machine-gun speed, to bother about defending himself.

This impetuosity was his only fault, and although he battered Vandenbos to a standstill in six rounds he still collected a very painful souvenir which he could easily have avoided had he been wise.

Kane's eyes—large, dark-brown and staring under heavy brows—are his most remarkable physical characteristic, and there is a secret which few people know about these "Eddie Cantor" eyes.

At normal distances Kane's sight is normal, but at close range he sees objects magnified to an extraordinary size, and this accounts for the uncanny accuracy of his punching.

He always dances from his corner bubbling over with effervescent confidence in his fighting ability, but outside the ring he is as quiet and self-effacing as he was back in the days when he was a nobody.

The fame his dynamic fists have brought him means nothing to this level-headed Lancashire lad. A handshake and word of congratulation from one of his own folk will always mean more to him than the roar of the crowd.

I was amazed when I first saw the cramped and frankly dingy quarters in a room over the bar at The New Inn, just around the corner from Peter's home, where he trained for most of his big fights.

Wary Spectators!

There was just room for the home-made ring. Peter welded the iron supports himself—a punchball, an old piano. A handful of spectators who squeezed between the ropes and the wall had to keep wary eyes on Kane's whirling fists.

Here he would spar with local boys, skip while Johnny at the piano played "Pennies from Heaven," or shadow-box while men from the pit and the mill and the factory who had known him when he played around the streets in short pants watched admiringly.

At first no one came to watch Kane in that tiny upstairs room.

Then, when he began winning fights, they crowded in to see him spar, but that is the only change. He still uses the same battered gloves, the same old length of skipping rope. He has an idea they bring him good luck.

It was all in striking contrast to the elaborate surroundings in which I had seen other champions train, but it suited Peter.

"These are the people I know," he said, "and I am at my ease among them."

And, remembering other fighters over-anxious to shake the dust of their home towns from their feet when they had made their names, I liked him all the more for that remark.

The Last Laugh

PARSON (Norfolk).—"I cannot understand why men don't go to church. Their wives do." That's why.

N. W. (Warley).—"Have you ever marched and yet seemed to get no nearer the barracks?" Yes, when setting out in the opposite direction.

J. J. (Gillingham).—"I have always treasured my wife's letters." That's nice of you. But be careful not to treasure the ones she gives you to post.

A. B. (Rochester).—"I read recently that Hitler's parents were a careful couple." Too careful. Why couldn't they have let little Adolf play with father's razor?

DORIS (Haywards Heath).—"I've told him he doesn't interest me in the slightest, and yet he persistently looks round after me when we pass in the street." How do you know?

M. N. (Maidenhead).—"After careful consideration, I have decided to invest my money in a going concern. What are the first steps to take?" Find out which way it is going.

B. M. (Wallasey).—"Fresh air's a cure for most things, they say, and my wife, who walks in her sleep, has purchased a car so that she can get out more. However, she still walks in her sleep." How absurd, when she's got a car!

T. W. (Bradford).—"In order to complete his journey as quickly as possible, my officer son came all the way from his camp in a taxi which he charged up to me." Did you tell him not to hurry home on your account again?

T. R. (Wanborough).—"I pawned my saxophone last year for £3." You blew that too?

MRS. A. K. (Chester).—"With my husband's innumerable wants and troubles, I wonder what the home would be without me?" Peaceful, we should imagine.

G. B. (Staveley).—"Income-tax regulations are now tightened up so that the unpatriotic cannot escape." Every dodge has had its day.

DOCTOR (Paddington).—"We medical men are said to be bad spellers." Although many of you manage to keep this a secret by means of your handwriting.

HARRY J. (Bungay).—"Wives can say what they like, but a man really needs four suits." Especially if he has only three and the other one is trumps.

D. Y. (Fenny Stratford).—"I never look unpleasant things in the face." Good heavens! Do you really shut your eyes when you shave?

S. K. (East Coast).—"What would *you* do if you had to go on your hands and knees on the ground to get into a dug-out nearly every evening?" Crawl.

POSTMAN (Nantwich).—"I discovered that some silly idiot had poured liquid glue into the pillar-box, but I managed to make the collection just the same." In other words, you stuck to your post.

N. G. (Folkestone).—"The sergeant said that if only I could shoot as well as I could eat I'd be a hell of a marksman. What could I say?" That you'd had twenty years' practice at eating.

CLERK (Barmouth).—"Because of something I said to the boss, I have just got the boot." You put your foot in it?

S. C. (Haverfordwest).—"What woman can prevail upon a hotel waiter to get a move on unless she is very young and pretty?" His wife.

JACK (Mountain Ash).—"After weeks of persistent endeavour, I have acquired a huge vocabulary." And has the girl accepted your proposal?

G. G. (Burton).—"The teachers at my boy's school do not appear to teach him anything at all, and yet in the ordinary way he doesn't seem dull." Perhaps the teachers are!

O. F. (Ealing).—"And to finish up with, I've just kissed my typist. So hoping this finds you as it leaves me . . ." What a hope! You haven't seen our typist!

J. F. (Redhill).—"They tell me you have a dog called Buttons. Why such a curious name?" Because he seems to spend most of his time attached to somebodys' trousers.

F. J. (Coulsdon).—"My explorer uncle offered to show me a film of two girls dancing in native costume in the bush, but I decided I'd sooner take a young lady out to supper." A bird in the hand . . .?

G. P. (Kenilworth).—"The waiter had the nerve to tell me that the sauce had the right flavour, although it tasted like furniture cream." Was it served with cabinet pudding?

(Side-Slips : See page 19)

"Yus, mate, this is the road to Muk Muk all right. There is another marked 'ere, but it don't look as good"

2½d

THIS is the time when you must be most alert against attacks of Rheumatism. Don't let this trouble get a hold now or you may be agonized throughout the rest of the year. At the first twinge of pain in joints or muscles, take a *Beechams Powder*. The cost is only 2½d but the relief you get will be amazing. Because of their special Powder form *Beechams Powders* are QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results.

BRINGS RELIEF
The Quicker Remedy for
PAINS
ACHES
NEURALGIA
COLDS, CHILLS
FEVERISHNESS

EXHAUSTION

Many people feel HEADACHY, EXHAUSTED and WITHOUT ENERGY at this time of the year. *Beechams Powders* are ideal in counteracting this potentially dangerous health condition.

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/5. Single Powders 2½d. each (including Purchase Tax). A Beecham Product.

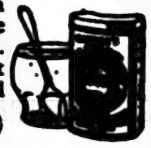
BEECHAMS POWDERS

CHEMIST'S TIP
rids customer of
Rheumatic Acids

Here is an interesting case of the sceptic soundly converted . . . a frank confession by a man suffering badly from rheumatism. The letter is from Mr. T. J. W., of Leeds.

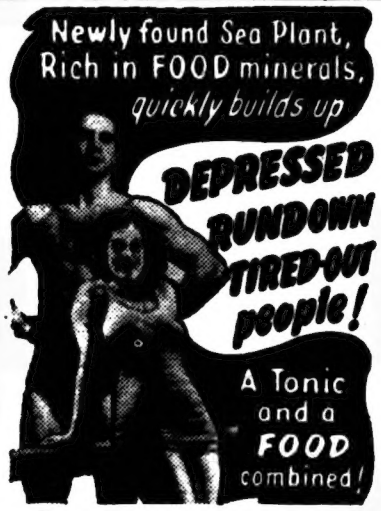
"I became subject to attacks of rheumatism which, despite treatment, became worse. When I sent for a certain remedy the chemist said he had heard good accounts of FYNNON Salt—and would I try a tin? I grumbled when Fynnon was brought home—but that chemist did me the best turn I've ever had done to me. The first tin of Fynnon killed all the pain. After a second tin the limbs were normal and I can say I am better today than at any time since the war. If one who has gone through torments can advise another sufferer, MY ADVICE IS: GET FYNNON!"

There is a vast difference between ordinary salts and the ACTIVE salts of Lithium, Potassium and Sodium in Fynnon. The sooner you let Fynnon get those rheumatic acids out of your system the sooner you will be rid of your rheumatism. Large tin of Fynnon Salt 1/5 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. (inclusive of Purchase Tax).



Fynnon Salt

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Middx.



1 day's supply gives you:
as much CALCIUM as 7 EGGS
as much IRON as 2½lbs. of ORANGES
as much PHOSPHORUS as 4lbs. of BUTTER
as much VITAMIN B as 1½lbs. of CABBAGES

This natural food tonic re-nourishes your system with a daily ration of Food Minerals and Vitamins. Your body must have an adequate daily supply of these life-giving Minerals! Salts . . . must have Food Iodine and Vitamin B. Vikelp Brand Tablets give you all these precious elements so vital to health—so vital to life itself. The concentrated Mineral Food value in Vikelp is tremendous. And when you stop to think that Vikelp contains 9 of the 12 essential Mineral Salts and Vitamin B you can realise the extra nutriment it brings to you. And as all these Minerals and Vitamins get into your system they gradually re-nourish it. You begin to build up. You have found the way back to new health and strength. Start taking Vikelp today.

FREE! Send this coupon today for free booklet crammed full with vital information. "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.10, 220/224, Baker St., London, W.1. (You need only 1d. stamp.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
will heal
SPRING
SKIN TROUBLES

"My face was covered with pimples and blackheads," writes G.A.P., London. "I bought a tin of Germolene and applied a little to my face, when I awoke next morning my pimples and blackheads had vanished."

Now is the time when skin troubles afflict and worry many people. Has your skin erupted into a mass of pimples? Have you an inflamed patch? Is your skin itching and burning? Get a tin of Germolene at once and apply it to the afflicted place. You will be amazed at the result. Itching and inflammation vanishes at the first touch of this wonder ointment. Pimples and blemishes just simply disappear.

Germolene is the world's greatest healer. Even long standing ulcers cannot resist its great skin healing and cleansing power. The most obstinate of skin diseases give way.

Sold Everywhere: 7d. 1/5, 2/5 & 12/6 Inc. Pur. Tax.

£250 WON THIS WEEK!

£200 First Prize—"BULLETS" Limit
E. J. CHARD, "Chadwell," Gilmore, Essex. Retired ex-Prize Competi.
Example: [illegible] THE SIREN
Bullet: "EXCELLENT CHARD," [illegible]

£20 Second Prize: W. Chadwick, 3b, Kingsway, Manchester.
Example: In The Post-war World
Bullet: Room For "Pre-Hitler" Germany.

£10 Third Prize: B. Shepherd, 182, Walmsley St., Ipswich, Suff.
Example: Striking
Bullet: Stops Fighters—right Stuppers!

100s.: Mrs. L. Peel, Hazelhurst, Cliffe Lane, Lindfield, Barnsley.
All For One—Another, When "ONE" Wins."

90s.: P. Plume, 223, Hollfield Road, Bolton, Lancs.
In The Post-war World—Stokes Defeated—"Faith" Bettered.

60s.: J. Clark, 49, St. Mary Street, Weston, Derby.
Heavy Burden—Shouldering, "Bullets" Use.

40s.: T. P. Bramley, 37, Connaught Villas, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincs.
Essential—Free Speech—Unfailing Wealth.

30s.: H. Aldington, Lower Green, Cannock, Nr. Rushden, Northants.
Voice Of Democracy—Top Hats at "Silos."

30s.: D. P. Gilbert, 182, Watford Road, Harrow, Middx.
Without Bullets—"Blind Alley," Killer Fruit.

NOTE EXTRA DAY TO ENTER

30s.: Miss A. Lawes, 47, Seagrave Road, East Ham, E.
Gas—Deadly—Life Conglomerate—"Gasbusters."

22s.: Mrs. J. E. Bradley, 2, Whitecross Rd., Weston-super-Mare.
Voice Of Democracy—Shamed—Free Tyrannical Population!

20s.: W. T. Humphries, c/o 24, Hillside Road, Erdington, Birmingham.
Made Italian Look—Absurd Ambition, Yellow Bomb!

20s.: F. A. Shaw, 21, Cemetery Road, Porth, Rhondda, Glam.
All For One—Union, "Sting" Silkies Skip!

20s.: Mrs. H. Williams, 84, Broad Lane, West Derby, Liverpool.
Nearly Scuttled Us—To "Family Circle," Cotswold.

20s.: Mrs. F. Worley, 55, Lynwood Grove, Orpington, Kent.
Nearly Finished Us—In Red, Seeking Finish!

A List of 25 Winners of Easter Doublings can be seen at these offices. The 10 Bonus Awards value £5 and 2,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received will have careful consideration by an experienced staff of qualified Judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to Head Office, crossed & Co./, write name and address on back. Readers of JOHN BULL are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Readers must be indicated. Coupons must be combined. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and binding by all in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.
Coupon on right—last entries must be your equity claims.

ADDRESS FOR ENTRY: "Bullets" (No. 1,268), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

JOHN BULL CHEERS

CASH for Your Pocket and VEGETABLE SEEDS for YOUR GARDEN

in this week's array of "BULLETS" Awards value over

£250

£100

£10 60/- 39/- 37/6 35/- 33/- 31/-

100 Collections of Vegetable Seeds
1,000 2-in-1 Merit Awards
EXTRA DAY TO ENTER
THIS WEEK'S ISSUE TUESDAY, APR. 15

Free VEGETABLE SEEDS for 100 Gardens
First-class seeds of your own choice
alternative award if preferred... VALUE 5/-

TO WIN a "BULLETS" PRIZE—ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

PRIZES galore are waiting to be won this week, and here's the easiest way for you to set about winning YOURS.

Simply jot down your rough comments against any of the Examples. Then spend a half-hour or so polishing and adding zip or humour to these comments, at the same time cutting them down to TWO, THREE or FOUR words only. You'll enjoy making them sparkle like the latest prize-winning *Bullets* on left.

And remember that your words fon Coupon below may well be worth no less than £100 Cash!

BONUS AWARDS VALUE UP TO **£10**
Each of the 20 this! winners who entered 4 or more *Bullets* for this contest will receive a special Bonus Award value 10/-.

ENTRY-FEE
Enclose P.O. or loose stamps at the rate of 6d. for each 2 *Bullets* entered—2 sheets FREE with every 4 paid.

ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY	WORKING OVERTIME
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC	THANKS TO WOOLTON
SONS OF WAR	CURE FOR THE BLUES
OIL FOR THE WHEELS	HE'S A BRAINHAT, SO
FORGING AHEAD	MISSED THE BOAT
DAD'S PALS	SOUTH OF THE EARTH
TOUGH	GETTING LIGHTER
SUMMER IS COMING, SO	JUST A JOKE
ON THE GARDEN FRONT	LIKE A TRUMPET CALL
IN A FURY	SONS OF THE EMPIRE

The "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

HOW TO HELP ..... TIP FOR .....
PLACE IN THE ..... TO HASTEN THE .....
KEY TO ..... BEGINNING TO .....

DON'T MISS YOUR "BULLETS" BULLETIN
You are invited to affix 1d. stamp to space provided and then make sure of your "Bullets" Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 2,000-word Guide to success.

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

USE THIS COUPON to win your CASH

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.
P.O. Value..... No.....
NOTE SPECIAL Closing Postmark TUES., APRIL 15.
1,268

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

MAKE YOUR EXTRA ENTRIES ON PLAIN PAPER Send FOUR extra "Bullets" for further entry-fee of 6d. only, thus obtaining TWO FREE.

John Bull's Great New Pen Offer

A FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of the famous "JOHN BULL" 5/9 lever-filling fountain pen. The raven-black pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. The 14-ct. solid gold nib is tipped with iridium. A safety pocket clip is included.

Or you may have the DE-LUXE MODEL — UNBREAKABLE — fitted with a heavier 14-ct. solid gold nib and embellished with two 18-ct. R.G. bands, 1/6 extra.

CASH THIS VOUCHER

John Bull GIFT VOUCHER value 2/6
This Gift Voucher will be accepted at 2/6 cash in part payment of a "John Bull" Pen.
Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment of each pen.

WHAT OUR READERS SAY!

"IT NEVER LET ME DOWN"

"For years I carried one of your fountain pens, and indeed found it a real friend. It never let me down. When War broke out I wrote many letters with it and was sorry I lost it when I was negotiating during my last trip. I want the one you will send me will be as faithful to me as the one I lost."

THIS IS TYPICAL OF THOUSANDS RECEIVED

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS this golden opportunity of securing a gift of great practical value for yourself or a friend in the Forces. Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation.

POST at ONCE!

"JOHN BULL'S" PRESENTATION COUPON

To "John Bull" Fun Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/9 lever-filling pen. I enclose P.O. for 3/9 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 4/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" lever-filling pen, DE-LUXE model. I enclose P.O. for 4/9 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/- in all.

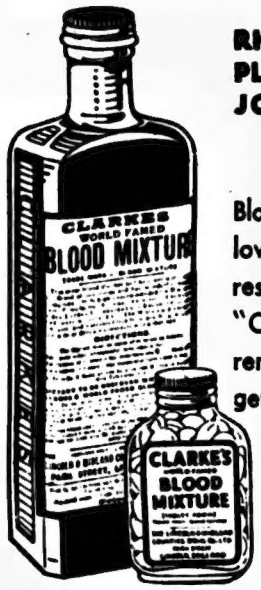
PEN—MEDIUM—BROAD—OBLIQUE. Cross out queries of nib NOT required.

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order 5/9 Co./ and make payable to "John Bull".

YOUR DEFENCE AND SURE REMEDY



In cases of RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SKIN COMPLAINTS, ULCERS, SORES, RHEUMATIC JOINTS, ECZEMA, RASHES, BOILS, PIMPLES and VERICOSE VEINS.

THE REASON WHY

Blood Impurities poison the whole system, lower vitality and weaken the powers of resistance.

"Clarkes Blood Mixture" is the commonsense remedy; by cleansing the blood of impurities it gets to the root of your complaint and restores you to health.

This famous medicine is unequalled in the treatment of blood and skin complaints.

Insist on
"CLARKES BLOOD MIXTURE."

"CLARKES" BLOOD PURIFYING MEDICINE BLOOD MIXTURE

The original and genuine Blood Purifying Medicine.

Sold everywhere

In LIQUID or TABLET FORM.

NOW AS ALWAYS. THE BEST VALUE ON THE MARKET

Still made from pre-war stocks of fine tobaccos, carefully selected and stored in large quantities to ensure that the De Reszke standard of quality is maintained.

20 FOR 1/1D

10 FOR 6½D

CORK-TIPPED AS WELL AS PLAIN

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Take It!

The Wonder Tablet

—And Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of '*Elasto*'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by '*Elasto*', *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that '*Elasto*' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"*No signs of varicose veins now.*"
"*Completely healed my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Heart is quite sound again now.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day.*"
"'*Elasto*' *has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but* '*Elasto*' *cured me.*"

Here's Good News! You Can Test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet, fully explaining 'Elasto', the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, *showing what 'Elasto' has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! *THIS OFFER IS TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED.* *'Elasto' is Sold by Chemists Everywhere.*
'ELASTO' (Dept. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO' ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how 'Elasto' *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood. [J.B. No. 5441.]

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Issued by the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland, 13s. 2d. per annum, Abroad, 12s. per annum. Postage: Inland, 1½d.; Abroad, 1d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. By way of Trade, JOHN BULL shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of except at the full retail price of 2d. Nor shall it be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary, or pictorial matter whatsoever.

F. 96 | J.B.L. 170 | ★ 157